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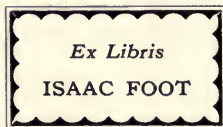


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SCORPIO

Palmetto Press
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Allaway. 1913.

SCORPIO

(Sonnets)

John McFarland
By J. A. CHALONER
III

"Acerrima propinquorum odia."—*Tacitus*
(Keenest is the hatred of kin.)

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Prologue



English Bards and Scotch Reviewers

When knaves and fools combin'd o'er all prevail,
When justice halts, and right begins to fail;
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.
The time has been when no harsh sound would fall,
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall;
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes;
But now so callous grown, so chang'd since youth,
I've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the truth;
Learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for me;
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss;
Nay more, though all by rival rhymsters frown,
I too can hunt a poetaster down,
And, arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once.

—*Lord Byron.*

Prologue to Scorpion



The author of the following sonnets (Shakspearian form, practically, exclusively), has this to say to those who take the trouble to read, or to read and criticize the same :

First. A perusal by the reader of Notes A, B, and C, etc., in Appendix, will throw needed light upon this modest little work.

Second. Supposing said perusal to have been performed, it may not be amiss to say a word touching the author's object in publishing said modest little work.

The press of to-day is pretty much muzzled. The magazines of to-day are pretty much muzzled. Finally, the weekly papers of to-day are pretty much muzzled.

We are aware that the above is unlikely to make us popular with either of the three organs of public opinion above cited.

On the other hand we are happy in knowing many free spirits on the daily and weekly press and on magazines that would be only too willing to use the free and untrammelled pen we are fortunately—by chance and circumstance—enabled to wield.

Said thrall is due to, *first and foremost*, advertisers. Rich advertisers, Jew and gentile, must not be startled.

Secondly. In most papers the leaders of “high finance” must not be startled. *Thirdly*. In many papers the trade-unions must not be startled. *Fourthly*. The political party of the paper in question must not be startled.

Last, but far from least, the Church—in her various sects, from Roman Catholics to Episcopalians, and, as the English term them, Non-Conformists, i. e., Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists—must not be startled. And in the shadow of religion—if not, as is often the case, in that of one or more sects of the Church—stand numerous and powerful Societies, secret or the reverse, which must not be startled.

In a word, a writer for the press or periodicals of any sort must run the gauntlet of the aforesaid

bristling and ferocious phalanx before being able to get his "copy" past the city editor.

It therefore occurred to us that there was a wide, wide field—a field made up of the majority of this mighty nation, now rapidly approaching the hundred million mark in population—indifferent alike to advertisers, leaders of "high finance", trade-unions, and the Church. That, we believe and hope, the majority of said majority read their Bibles at home, not caring for the interpretations placed upon the meaning thereof by priests or ministers: that the minority of said majority never open a Bible, nor care a rap about its sayings. To both said majority and said minority we propose to appeal from time to time as "the spirit of the times" shall make such an appeal *à propos*.

Lastly. The one thing of intense interest to say, seventy-five per cent. of the male population of the United States, is politics.

In said field, while a life-long Democrat, we reserve to ourselves the right of doing anything but voting for a Republican, or supporting such an one. On the other hand, we reserve to ourselves the right to praise a good Republican—where such a *rara avis*

can be found—provided he be not running for office ; and the right is also reserved to blame a Democrat.

We are the friend of trade-unions, not the foe : but we are opposed to the tyranny trade-unions sometimes attempt. On the other hand, practically *all* the amelioration in the workingman's condition is due to the heroic and successful battles between trade-unions and embattled corporate greed.

The "W. C. T. U." we watch with a jealous eye.

We also watch with a suspicious eye the fool bills put forth by fool legislators—both South as well as North—and we shall take pleasure in naming and flaying with "Scorpio" all and sundry of such gentry without favor.

We also watch with a wary eye court decisions.

Though a lawyer, and therefore subject to all the professional etiquette of that profound profession, we believe that the law is made more—or would be, were there less lazy and timid lawyers so frequently in our ranks—by the Bar than by the Bench. We believe that any decision, *no matter how high the court of its origin*, that after due scrutiny appears unjust, or unlearned, or both, should be noticed.

Of course rich rascals will be flayed, and with

pleasure. We shall take pleasure in pointing out how that old bald-headed rogue, Rockefeller, is attempting two impossible things, to wit: *First*, to throw dust in the eyes of the public, North and South, by prodigious gifts to education, with the veiled hope of educating the rising generation to his nefarious way of thinking; and the flaring, flaunting, brazen-faced hope of buying the public's forgiveness for the rascality that—with his friend, the Devil's own luck—heaped up his tainted, stinking lucre. *Second*. To take out the fattest Hell-fire insurance policy on his nameless soul, that any aged sneak-thief, umbrella-operator or policy sharp has been enabled heretofore to do.

William Rockefeller, H. H. Rogers, and that barking coyote of finance, E. H. Harriman, all await trial at our hands.

We tread humbly after our four masters, to wit: Juvenal, Voltaire, Swift and Byron. We aim—however lowly—at the strength of Juvenal, the keenness of Voltaire, the fierceness of Swift, and the form of Byron.

In conclusion, we hope the above frank language will not antagonize the press, daily, weekly and

periodical. Said remarks are made not in censure at all. Said remarks are purely put forth as the business end of our proposition, i. e., that there is a field for our modest little work, appearing, as it will, every ninety days.

The press, daily, weekly, and periodical, is not to blame for being—to the extent we have intimated—muzzled. It is a condition that confronts the press, and the main money-making proposition of said condition is won by advertising.

It might be asked, "Well, where do you stand on the money-making proposition of advertising—don't you hope for ads?" To which we hasten to reply: "No. We do not look for nor hope for a solitary ad. We write for fun, not money. We send out no canvassers for subscriptions. We shall each quarter publish a small edition of 'Scorpio,' No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, etc., etc. We may do a very modest bit of advertising; beyond that we shall be amply rewarded by the pleasure of every quarter launching said modest little work upon the waters."

We might add, *en passant*, to save some of the hostiles in the daily press from the trouble of lying about us—as they have on more than one occasion

done in the past—that we do not “take ourselves seriously.” On the contrary—except for the poor man at an underpaid job, or out of a job, life to us is more or less of a joke—if, at times a somewhat bitter one. No “isms” are backed by us; no new departures, at present at least, will be advocated by us; we detest cranky theories as thoroughly as we detest cranks. We are guided by the same everyday principles of the educated man in the street, who has happened to run across a *medium for flaying fools and rogues that, in concentration, swiftness of action, and completeness of result*, beats any other known form of satirical flagellation. We allude, of course, to the Shakspearian form of sonnet, ending, as it does, in a rhyming climax—a rhythmic knock-out blow. Said form, so far as we know, was rarely, if ever, used by the masters of satire.

As there are over a million dollars in cold cash behind the author, in the shape of property in his name, and as he has no intention of practicing law, nor devoting himself strictly to business, it should be evident to the shortest-sighted reader that “Scorpio” has come to stay.

Sonnets

Sonnet One



A Satirist's Salutatory or Present Company Always Excepted

The nameless folly of the human race
It's cruel selfishness and trackless guile,
Make me ashamed at sight of human face—
That stamping ground for treachery and wile.
The smirking smile of callow empty youth,
The ripe pomposity of hoary age,
The shaded gleam of manhood's lustful tooth,
Each plays its part upon its petty stage.
Seduction, lying, thieving each in turn—
A murder here and there and then a rape—
Each needing only that temptation burn
And hold fair chance of ultimate escape.
Exceptions to said rule exist—'tis true,
No such exception doth exist in you.

Sonnet Two.

Adullam

In the calm marble of the sonnet's rhyme
Fro' the cold alabaster of her verse,
Hereby I carve for 'durance of all time
A dome of refuge for murderers or worse.
Within the portals of this lofty dome
This temple of the Muses and of peace,
Nor strife nor discord-danger ever come
Here from life's battle, all may find surcease.
Here those for whom the world-weight's grown too large—
Of sorrow nought—no more—their hearts may hold—
Whom disappointment doth brain and heart surcharge
Or crime has blackened and all hope turn'd cold,
Here all may come free, and unmolested stay,
All their lives remain, or, at will—go away.



Sonnet Three

Apollo

Lord O' The Lyre: as of Soul-melting Song:
Lord of The Sun: of Pestilence—The Sun's war;
O Th' Healing Art: as of dread Divination;
Last, God of Archery—whose darts shoot far!
Aim Thou my shaft! Refortify my arm!
Point Thou my arrows! See Thou they're feather'd fine!
Where'er harm's meant, see Thou they do most harm
When shoot I Lies, Seduction, Theft, Rapine.
The Meek, the Weak—Strugglers, come Thou to their aid;
The Poor—The Oppress'd—The Robb'd, do Thou revenge
Baffle Thou, on Liberty the rich man's raid:
Show a pelf-ridden world the Gods *can* avenge—
Apollo, Far-Darter! The Future 'll show
Whether myth Thou art or—Marksman with strong bow!

Sonnet Four

The Muses

Lovely companions of The Flaming God
Thine help, Divine Nine, I hereby now invoke.
Show your fair aid by your sweet gracious nod.
Rythmic Euterpe, mistress o' the stroke
Which rules o'er the melting Lyre's liquid lay,
Guide Thou my fingers, see their touch is light,
Give Thou my fingers as hereon I play
Notes now as sunbeam gay—now sad's moonlight.
Last, Clio, Guardian, 'o the Great Mystery
Truth, Guide for the Present, Priestess of the Past
Whose rays light to-day—Clio o' History!
Hold Thou my pen. Then in Truth's hand 'tis fast.
Thus call I to my aid The Days of Old
Thus call I clear! *Sans* fear. Thus call I bold.

Sonnet Five

Tacitus

Tacitus, thy suffering I comprehend.
For that you suffered, any one of eyes
Can plainly find between your lines, who'll spend,
A little care—a little time. No cries,
He'll hear who so delves for your secret heart.
Mute as Spartan youth with fox at's entrails,
Whose courage conquer'd agony! Whom no start
Of torture, of pain, nor groan, nor yell, nor wails
Of torment's anguished tears and sobs betray'd!
A Roman thou! of Africanus' day!
Born out of your time into despair dismay'd.
By what you embruted Cæsars saw essay!
Nobly you wrote i' th' calm beauty of despair
That the present of the past might *yet* beware!

Sonnet Six

The Challenger *

Swinburne, Kipling, the Laureate join'd I'll fight,
With sharpen'd spears I'll meet them in the field,
At three to one for I stand for the right
And under fair Fortune thus can great odds yield.
As maiden knight my shield is purest white,
But the bold Boers I'll champion with my pen,
For, using a figure for poetic fight,
I'll blazon it with the blood of Englishmen.
My gifted foes I do not underrate,
Their spears are strong their swords are biting keen—
"A dare-devil task" the world will estimate
"Who is this upstart whom no man hath seen?"
Lance couch'd and charging I hurl my hot hurrah
"Hell yawns for villains! Fiat Justitia."

Sonnet Seven

The Combat
or
Ashby de la Zouche

'Gainst Swinburne's haughty crest he levell'd lance,
And with an onward rush which nought could stay,
Its fierce point struck 'neath where his proud plumes dance
And from his saddle bore that Knight away.
Next 'gainst the rugged Kipling turn'd he swift,
And by a *demi-volte* did his spear avoid;
Kip, full i'th face, wi' battle-axe he biff'd,
Kip's saddle thereupon contain'd a void.
"Pegasoid", the Laureate's weedy mount,
Balk'd at the spur and would not budge an inch.
The Challenger got down, begg'd him to dismount,
And, drawing sword, soon had him at a pinch.
Bill Watson's bulk alone the plain obscures,
So bovine Bill he forthwith swift, straight skewers.

Sonnet Eight

Pro Boer

or

Algernon Charles Swinburne *

(Touching his sonnet "The Transvaal October 9, 1899.")

Thy world-wide fame doth sap thy splendid powers,
Is this the tongue that bleeding Poland sung!
Is this the poet whose quick-waking hours
Deep, richest changes on Liberty have rung!
The murky fogs of England drug thy soul,
Her fiery wings droop heavy and forlorn,
Mammon's smirch—proud Albion's curse and dole—
"The mark of the beast" is by thy banners borne.
A gang o' gamblers guides Britain's ship of state—
As bloody ruffians as e'er slit a throat—
To steal the brave Boer's gold wage they war of hate,
England's vile policy from times remote.
The stock exchange now meets in Downing Street,
At Cabinet councils Hell and demon greet.

Sonnet Nine

Swinburne
L'Amende honorable

The grace and beauty of the ancient Greeks,
Renew themselves in thy rich verse to-day,
There budding Love his soul's companion seeks.
There Art and Nature hold a conjoined sway,
There the melody and fire of nascent love—
Now soft as wood-note, now as torrent rash—
Now langorous as cooing of ring'd dove—
Now reckless as the baleful lightening's crash—
Throb with the cadence of a summer sea.
Your magic measures move in mazy dance,
There maid and youth bend to their goddess—Beauty;
While Passion weaves his fierce compelling trance.
Your brow to-day the diadem should bear
Were things but as they should be—*not* as they are.

Sonnet Ten

Kipling

Thy work is palpitant with strength and blood.
Elastic vigor leaps in every line.
There fire of Elizabethan hardihood
Far-reaching and vig'rous as of yore, doth shine.
There glint of bayonet and roll of drum—
That world-encircling drum-tap of the race—
Flash on the eye and pulse-stir with their hum—
There strides the British soldier's sturdy pace.
New life did'st thou impart to British verse.
In Alexandrian doldrums did she swoon—
"In irons" to Formality's cold curse—
To her fair sails you came a breezy boon!
Long may you live to voice your peoples' will
A voice whose utterance needs not strength but skill.

Sonnet Eleven

Shakspeare

*“ Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore
So do our minutes hasten to their end.”*

Shakspeare

I hear great master in your verse sonore,
That magic conch-shell through whose lips of rose
Now melting melody now war-note flows,
The sea-sibilants hiss, her tigers roar.
I see a sea-god rising as of yore,
His shoulders blushing from fierce Ocean's blows
Whilst sharp-kissing waves reluctantly unclose,
Release a lover whom most they adore.
So improv'rish'd is this age pleth'ric wi'pelf,
So petty, sordid, money-grub, and mean,
So centr'd, focuss'd, coil'd round and up in self,
So towards the cash-box do all efforts lean,
Ideality's last refuge is the shelf,
The library a refuge stands serene.

Sonnet Twelve

After the Rain

The bitter sweet of herbage after rain,
That subtle evanescent dim perfume,
So fleeting that it leaves a sense of pain,
A pang of disappointment, 'tis past so soon,
Rises like incense from the thankful earth,
Sweet voiceless prayers from Nature's grateful heart
To the great Force which gives the raindrops birth,
That mighty Power that makes the flowers start.
A fairy incense! It now floats, now falls,
Now soft glides forward and now steals away,
Coy as a nymph who to her sister calls
Warning of satyr creeping sly her way.
As hard to compel as pleasure is this scent;
A sickening thought to those on pleasure bent.

Sonnet Thirteen

Summer Shadows

The checker'd shadows pattern on the grass,
The swaying shadows of sweet breeze-stirr'd leaves.
A variegated ever changing mass
Of diaper'd obscure their motion weaves.
A fairy fretwork o'er the summer grass
Is thus in mazy motion silent strewn,
As though the elves on gauzy wing who pass,
In airy tug-of-war their force had thrown.
As tho' their tiny hands had seiz'd each branch,
And marshalling each side in battle-line,
Their little wings fierce beat in effort stanch,
As back and forth, in and out, the branches twine.
Exhausted by the struggle they cease at last.
The fays at length have flown, the breeze is past.

Sonnet Fourteen

Fireflies

The fitful flash of fairy musketry!
So thought I one soft summer night in June,
As in a dell there struck upon mine eye
A firefly fusilade—soundless as a swoon.
The elfin salvos crash'd without a sound,
Sharp shattering the blackness of the night,
Piercing its midnight, as with round on round
The sturdy elves kept up their lusty fight.
The tide of battle ebb'd—then flow'd a-main!
To right and left battalions reel'd in shock,
Charging undaunted to turn loss to gain,
Or meeting heavier numbers firm as rock.
So much may anyone on a summer night
See wi' fireflies—so be the fancy's bright.

Sonnet Fifteen

Midsummer

A wingéd army of fierce-working bees
Without my window makes continual hum;
A serri'd airy phalanx from the eaves
To th' grass, the honeysuckle vines among.
Sweet drowsy drone. Hum murmuring caressing
Th' ear. To hear brings mem'ries o' streams heard in
dreams,
O' streams 'tween lotos-laden banks slow pressing
T'wards a sea whose waves no light know save moonbeams,
Whose waves are opal, weav'd wi' pearl-shot gold.
Gold velvet cloaks above smooth black-ring'd cuirass,
Jauntily bedeck these belted warriors bold,
With lurking sword for those who them harass.
Cold t' enter on a quarrel—but once engage
Then nought but annihilation cools their rage.

Sonnet Sixteen

Butterflies

Soft floating plaques of airy vivid gold,
Whose errant flight ties bow-knots in the air.
No strict direction doth it ever hold,
But nonchalantly flutters here and there.
Now up, now down, now veering round about,
Now sheering backwards with an upward lilt
That settling turns the flight-loop inside out:
Thus manifest's the vagary of your guilt.
Thus tortuous is the earth-flight o' the soul—
Your namesake, given by those wise old Greeks—
Insouciantly fluttering towards a goal
Which now it spurns, and now as wildly seeks.
Oft—for their good—air currents bear these sweet flies
In a direction they would shun otherwise.

Sonnet Seventeen

The Washington Monument

Vast airy plinth. Thy heaven-piercing shaft
Strong as pillar of Hercules doth loom,
Glittering as patriot sword's jewell'd haft,
Eternal as decrees o' the Book O' Doom.
Strength, grandeur, loftiness, simplicity
Thy salient quadrilateral are,
From which firm bed towers o'er the city,
Thy flower-like beauty, sparkling as a star!
The chameleon doth not change her tints more oft
Than thou thy gray, now white, now pink, now pearl,
With morning dazzling bright, then blushing soft
At sunset, as the neck of love-lorn girl.
Variant as Cleopatra's thy beauty!
Thou needle o' the compass o' Liberty.

Sonnet Eighteen

Opportunity

Opportunity thou Mother of events!
Who bides his time eventual wins his game,
Sternly refraining from sundry—all attempts,
Till Opportunity doth back the same.
Opportunity's the beck'ning on of Fate,
The mystic harbinger of sure success,
When that clock strikes let no one dare be late,
Or this world's chances risk beyond redress.
Opportunity's the Hand of the Unseen,
Of *Nature* working with the world of men,
Her fair Excalibur of metal keen
Presented once at least to each one's ken.
Observe the times with patience back'd by nerve,
When the time's ripe—dart forward!—*sans* a swerve.

Sonnet Nineteen

The Draconian Laws of Chance

The strongest laws on earth are those of chance.
Stronger than those of God, Nature, or of Man.
This statement may seem startling at first glance,
Perchance less so as one doth this thesis scan.
"The laws of God" are broken every day,
That settles them so far's this world's concern'd.
"The laws of Man" are treated the same way.
"The laws of Chance" *sole* have never yet been spurn'd.
"The laws of Nature" cannot make that claim,
Tho' once they could now that they cannot say
On Chance once more for that doth rest the blame—
To Science-baffling X-ray *Chance* showed the way!
Of Nature Chance thus broke one o' th' oldest laws.
If one, why not more? The thought gives thinkers pause.

Sonnet Twenty

A Rover

Drifting along the coasts of Poesy,
Cruising those wondrous but storm-frown'd coasts along,—
Drifting those blood-stain'd coasts of blood-wrought song,—
Full many an airy battlement I see,
Full many a castle rises unto me
Her keep forbidding and her towers strong—
Dungeon-keep smoth'ring many a tale of wrong—
Prison, hiding hint of crime by beauty.
Here see I pictur'd in poetic form,—
In the fair garb and form of by-gone day,
With hint of Romance making heart grow warm,
The world-old questions that are young alway.
With slow, steady, but relentless tread doth Time
March to aid those who rightfully repine.

Sonnet Twenty-one

"Ah! There!"

Thou blooming blossom on a lengthen'd stem!
Thou full-ripe, throbbing, flower of desire!
I congratulate thy husband and—ahem—
The gentleman who towards thee doth aspire.
A rose thou surely art between two thorns,
The centre of a palpable dilemma,
A chaplet, 'twixt the problem's branching horns,
As rich a one as e'er grew in Maremma.
Fair lady I do wish thee double joy!
No slightest hint of thy name do I give,
Nor do I name ~~thy~~ persevering toy,
Nor yet where any one of thee doth live.
Tho' high society's my game preserves,
My shots therein shall jar *no* lady's nerves.

Sonnet Twenty-two

Journalists^{*}

All hail ye doughty wielders o' The Pen!
Ye bold swashbucklers o' the daily press.
I hold ye high amongst the sons of men.
I honour the talent that ye all possess.
For talent ye must have or ye'd starve to death.
On newspapers the fittest *sole* survives,
That race is to the swift—the deep of breath,
The strength o' your good sword-arms saves your lives.
The press to-day's the arena of the world.
There, fame and gold—in time—reward each sword,
Which, when the daily dust of combat's curl'd,
Can unerring strike upon the gleaming word!
Once more all hail! And all prosperity.
(All in the day's work once you "roasted" me.)

Sonnet Twenty-three

"Roll-Call"

When I call o'er the roll-call of my wrongs,
The black folly with which my foes me charge,
How I am pilloried 'fore gaping throngs,
The puerile littleness of life bulks large.
The thieves and villains who hold me in thrall,
The Docs. and aggressors who put me here,
The wicked laws of this great State, and all
The Laws dread enginry the poor so fear
Force Hope-In-Man her breath to sudden catch,
Force Hope-In-Man to feel her time hath come,
And bid her swift prepare to lift the latch
Which opes the grimy portal to the tomb.
Hope in a thing that's grimmer yet than death.
Death's Master—Destiny—holds firm my breath.

Sonnet Twenty-four

In the Trenches

I look with pleasure towards a brighter day.
Not one beyond the stars—tho' that may come—
But one wherein my hand I'll get in play,
The hand that, modestly, doth push the plumb
Wherewith I write these records in my cell.
Then let the thief his guarded millions watch.
Then let the cut-throats in high places tell
Their creatures to be wary and to snatch
Their other victims out of sight—away
From where the Law's long arm will sudden come
Once I have got to Court and said my say—
Once law hath rescued me from this foul tomb.
Till then my lawyers strong will toil a-main
Until the links they break of this Hell-chain.

Sonnet Twenty-five

An Affair of Outposts

Within this cell I for my life have fought.
Wrestl'd and struggl'd for it hand to hand.
My keeper's fingers round my throat were caught,
With deadly hate he press'd my strong weasánd.
But fighting for my life's not new to me;
For life and property I'd 'fore then strove,
Fought strength with strength, and skill with strategy:
By both combin'd his fingers were unrove.
A strong, cat-like, six-foot Hibernian,
At near two hundred pound he tipt the scale,
Loving whiskey better than Falernian,
And in a fight he ne'er was known to quail.
By fortune and by strength I won the day.
Now knows he well that choking me "don't pay."



1870

1870

Sonnet Twenty-six

Destiny

“There’s a divinity which shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we will.”—*Shakspeare*.
The cold iron curb of frowning circumstance,
That hand of The Unseen in earth’s affairs,
That grim correctioner call’d chance or mischance—
Moveth by stealth and striketh unawares.
By stealth it moves and strikes at King and clown,
By stealth it moves and strikes to heal or kill,
Here, stealthily, it topples kingdoms down,
There, stealthily it soothes a poor man’s ill.
It makes or mars the hope of rich or poor,
None are too mean to come within its scope,
Here on ambition it doth close the door,
There to ambition it the door doth ope.
Blind chance it verily doth seem to men,
Keen chance it seems to him within its ken.

Sonnet Twenty-seven

The Sons of Toil

I here salute the sturdy sons of toil
Whom from my soul I honour and revere.
To whose strong hands earth renders up her spoil,
From mine and factory, to golden ear.
From earth's dark womb e'en to her smiling breast,
You win her fruits, and her rich tribute bring,
From ocean throbbing with her deep unrest,
To virgin forests which with your axes ring.
All labour has my unalloy'd respect,
In town or country—city as in field.
In labourers I see The Great Elect.
To ye the gates of Paradise will yield!
“God loves the plain people” said that man of men—
Lincoln—“For he made so many of them.”

Sonnet Twenty-eight

The Valkyrrior*

The Valkyrrior do hover o'er the host!
As the dread warriors march forth to war.
To choose those heroes who shall give up the ghost—
Heroes who to Valhalla's Halls shall soar!
These warlike virgins, "The Choosers of the slain,"
Armour'd, arm'd with bright spear on battle-horse,
Bear from reeking field those who shall fight again
Once with honour they've run their earthly course.
Those who courageously have duty done;
Those who with equal justice have liv'd their life,
These are the heroes by whom crowns are won!
These by the Valkyries are borne from strife.
The Valkyrrior count not or wealth or birth,
They place the laurel upon honest worth.

Sonnet Twenty-nine

The Regiment of Thought

The couplet is the regiment of thought.
O' them seven's a legion of ideas—
A rather larger legion than is taught
Of Rome. Now that most swords are turn'd to shears
The pen more powerful than e'er doth loom.
The measur'd ~~treat~~ of arméd men, is heard
I' th' sonnet; with rifle crack and cannon boom.
There thunders the power o' the trained word.
The yell of battle shrieks along her lines,
That direful yell that kills the cannon's roar,
Or defies the havoc wrought by bursting mines,
Cheering the brave souls who there do "go before."
Then—sudden—falls the calm that covers all.
For brave men laurels, and for the dead—a pall.

Sonnet Thirty

"The Thirteenth Legion"

The sonnet is the legion of ideas.
Full seven thousand is her muster grand.
The secret of this size full clear appears,
Once her enrollment one doth understand.
On Literature's dread field so vast go down,
So many millions perish year by year—
Millions of noble words whom death doth crown,
Heroes meeting defeat calm, *void* of fear—
These butcher'd words then reincarnate are—
A regiment's the couplet's fighting strength—
And i' th' sonnet's seven couplets march to war!
Arm'd, train'd, equipp'd for full revenge at length!
The couplet's fighting force prove Shakspeare—Porson:
E'en Porson's solitaire time shows no loss on.

Sonnet Thirty-one

War-Eagle*

O'er the biting bayonet's gleam I scream;
Imperial soar o'er the battle's roar,
And "stoop" at the gush of blood. O'er soldier's dream
I reign supreme. His brave deeds I hover o'er.
And by night o'er his couch I take my flight,
Invisible to mortal sight, unheard
By mortal ear. I banish fear. At my sight
He flies. For nought may face my unspoken word
"Revenge!" That is my watchword. For that alone
When night-winds moan, do I leave my mystic haunts.
All else leaves me motionless as a stone,
As a carved stone. And Sphinx-like still to taunts.
I at head of the column on spread wing dash,
When the bullets hiss, and the cannon crash.

Sonnet Thirty-two

Columbia

"My country t'is of thee"—I do *not* sing.
You're in too sad a plight, believe me dear,
For plaudits to have aught but a false ring.
The shallow clang of counterfeit to th' ear.
The courage of your soldiers all men know.
Their daring and their patience all have seen.
Your sailors' markmanship full well doth show
How accurate their discipline hath been.
But Justice in thy land hath gone astray;
Believe me dear, she wanders from the path,
And like a drunken harlot reels her way
Along the broad road that meets—The People's wrath!
That your Legislatures and your courts you purge
"Sweet land"—my land—"of Liberty"—I urge.

Sonnet Thirty-three

" The Initiative and Referendum " *

"Th' Initiative and Referendum"

I do bold demand. Taking the stand that
The People's will is kill'd by the humdrum
Monotony o' th' venality o' fat
Bribe-gorging law-makers State and National.
The laughing-stock of Nations soon we'll be.
The butt, the by-word, the reproach for all
Who spit upon and loathe rascality.
The People's will I crave, and it demand.
The will of the People *is* the will of God.
Upon the People's will I take my stand,
By that alone will fall the tyrant's rod.
The Legislature's a house of ill-repute,
And Liberty, poor girl's, turn'd prostitute.

Sonnet Thirty-four

Oppression

Oppression was the rod that struck the rock
And loos'd the fiery floodgates of my tongue.
The click behind me o' the prison lock
Unlock'd the fetters that had kept it dumb.
The body free, then was the tongue enchain'd;
The body 'prison'd, then the tongue sprung free.
Thus what the body lost the spirit gain'd;
Thus from defeat wrung I a victory!
The inarticulate thoughts of former years,
When in a forest dim I laid me down,
Or on a midnight watch'd the silent spheres,
Till then imprison'd, *then* their freedom found.
Thus from oppression, doth revolution spring,
And arméd Justice stand where greed *was* King!

Sonnet Thirty-five

The Apotheosis *
or
The Dead-Game Sport's Lament

O! for a day of Lawrence Sullivan!
Just one day of just one hour—nothing more.
“Jeff,” “Fitz,” Ruhlin, Sharkey at four rounds per man,
In succession sev'rally would bite the floor!
Each into sweet oblivion then would float,
Propell'd by John's strong arm which ne'er did tire.
Each in John L. would then his master note—
John L. the paragon of “P. R's” empire!
For twelve years he fought as man ne'er fought before;
As John L. fought, ne'er will man fight again:
For with him the love of battle counted more
Than what rules now-a-days—the love of gain.
John L.! Th' Imperial Roman, now I sing!
Great John L. Sullivan, the Prize-Ring King!

Sonnet Thirty-six

A Bogus Bashaw of Letters *

*"Not as has been erroneously stated, that I could write a better play than
"As You Like It" but that I actually have written much better ones, and, in fact,
never wrote anything, and never intend to write anything half so bad in matter".*

—G. Bernard Shaw.

That Irish blatherskite, rude Bernard Shaw,
Whose ruffian pen dread Shakspeare dar'd attack.
Whose greatest strength in letters is guffaw
Who as a playwright stands a stark naked quack
This bog-born, bog-trotter I now denounce—
Dropt on a windy day amidst the peat—
His plays of action have not got *one* ounce
They're dialogues, merely, more or less neat.
Of poetry or passion Shaw's as devoid
As is the ordinary pawnbroker.
A mere Grub-Street critic he should avoid
Aught more artistic than the role of joker.
You carp at Shakspeare, you shock-headed lout!
Before I've done, I'll turn you inside out.

Sonnet Thirty-seven

Fluellen's Curse*

"That Shakespeare's weakness lies in his complete deficiency in that highest sphere of thought, in which poetry embraces religion, philosophy, morality, and the bearing of these on communities, which is sociology. That his characters have no religion, no politics, no conscience, no hope, no convictions of any sort."

. "a fantastic sugar doll like Rosalind".

—G. Bernard Shaw.

(The spirit of Captain Fluellen *loquitur*.)

(a) "Of all the ploody liars o' the 'orld
Since Ananias' soul was sent to Hell
Aye; since rebel angels to its depths were hurl'd
This is the rankest lie e'er I heard tell!
You rascally, beggarly, scald, praggling knave
You prove yourself a liar and a fool
Lacking th' agility thy face to save
Thy lie thy headsmen is in place of tool!
You scurvy, lousy knave, do you not see
That when you lie you must not be found out.
Whereas your lie 's a lie so palpably
'Twould disgrace th' invention of a butcher's lout.
Pshaw! For liar, praggart, and Got tam't cad
Shaw preaks the record, and preaks it tam bad."

Sonnet Thirty-eight

“Close, Osler, Close”

or

A Learned Fool

Close, Osler, close that mouth for evermore!
Remove thy foot therefrom. Dam up its rot.
Your mind was built to diagnose a sore,
For philosophy or logic, surely not.
No young philosopher has ever been.
No young logician has as yet appear'd.
Yet you—to bolster your bull-headed whim—
Claim a man 's play'd out, ere scarce he's grown a beard.
How 'gainst the pricks canst thou so stubborn kick?
How, in face of facts, canst thou so loudly bray?
Towards History thou art a cub *sans* lick
None read in History such drule could say.
Close, Osler, close that mouth *for evermore*
Or be writ down “Osler, the learned bore.”

Sonnet Thirty-nine

The Psalmist

Parch'd deserts fierce of pain I've traverséd,
Threaded morasses thick with sweat and blood,
In the trackless sea of Doubt been immerséd,
On pinnacle of Despair have *balanc'd* stood.—
Thinkers and Doers all have done the same
From golden Solomon to Schopenhauer
From Moses, the Law-giver, to Thomas Paine
Or Bonaparte, the fighting philosopher.
But the combination of the two is *rare*!
E'en rarer than Honesty under the sun—
For the Doer hates alway the Thinker's care
Whilest the Doer's dangers doth the Thinker *shun*,
This rarest O' combinations perfectly
In King David, the Historian may see.

Sonnet Forty

Fakir Hearst*

"Intellectually sterile, socially vulgar, and morally obtuse".

—District Attorney Jerome on the Fakir.

A tin-horn gambler from the vasty West,
Whose 'getter with a pick-axe dug his pile,
Said to himself "That way of ways is best
By which I best may operate my guile.
I am a fakir of the rankest kind—
For principle or men care not a d——n
So I shall make philanthropy my blind
And 'neath its cloak the public I'll flim-flam.
Being a gambler I must have a horn—
A good tin horn to blow a rasping blast—
With yellow journals I'll the land adorn
And filch the workman's coppers first and last."
If upon earth you'd view the *very* worst—
Just focus your optics upon Fakir Hearst.

Sonnet Forty-one

Windy Bill ^{*}
The Trouble-House of Europe
or
The Medicine Man

(St. Loe Strachey, Editor London *Spectator*, *loquitur*)

“Watch out for that bloody Dutchman, Windy Bill.
That smug, moustacho’d *lans-knecht*, William Two,
Who as a man stands as a sorry pill
“Rubbing in” his small *lèse-majesté* to-do.
Who as a bullying braggart struts abroad,
Follow’d by eavesdroppers who keyhole-squint:
These spittle-licking reptiles store and hoard
Gossip and lies that *lèse-majesté* do hint.
As cold a tyrant as the world e’er saw—
This shrewd intriguing schemer day and night—
To whom alone necessity is law
And whose fear of licking checks his love for fight.
Oh, William Two, I long for the happy day
When Columbia meets thee in battle array.”

Sonnet Forty-two

Three Flies

Sprightly companions o' my dungeon cell—
Who'd ever think a man could like a fly—
But wait till you've got caught in such a H——l
In which I've watch'd the months and years roll by.
"The three little flies" do frequent visit me—
Within the confines of my couch's net—
Time treats the little rascals tenderly
At their antics—'pon my soul—I'm laughing yet!
They're marri'd now and lead lives of repute,
Clean wholesome lives, as wholesome beings should,
Which proves that you can civilize a brute
They'd buzz what I say's true, if but that they could.
Long life to "The three little flies," cry I!
No more than they did do I e'er say die!

Sonnet Forty-three

"Sounding Brass"

"Beloved Brethren it makes for righteousness."
How that same phrase doth smell strong, after all!
How cant, hypocrisy, and guilefulness
There curdle and beget their bitter gall!
Effluviæ therefrom do soar on high!
Like foul-beak'd buzzards do they blight the breeze
Whereat all *honest* men heave heavy sigh,
That in Religion's name fly fowls like these.
From many pulpits do they take their wing—
All on the blessed Sabbath's holy calm—
O'er gravest Deacons do they lightsome fling
O'er primmest Elders starched wi' Gilead's balm.
Hypocrisy to-day doth stain The Church.
Tears of true repentance *sole* can lave the smirch.

Sonnet Forty-four

The Devil's Horse-Shoe

A fecund sight for a Philosopher—
Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—
That gem-bedizzen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera
Replete with costly hags, and matrons fair!
His votaresses doth Mammon there array
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!
To Mammon there do they their homage pay
Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace.
Crones whose old bosoms ~~vibr~~ within their corsets creak.
Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse.
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
Their escorts *parvenus* of features coarse.
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
But spite of them, the music's very nice.



Sonnet Forty-five

Nirvana

O'er my nature steals a calm inscrutable:
God-like in certitude, e'en debonnair.
As fix'd as Fate, as She immutable,
As She, unanxious, as She, free from care.
Fix'd as the Laws which do forever hold
The wide-revolving Seasons in Their hand—
Those alternating circles heat and cold
The alternating life and death of land—
As they as sure as they as certain are
As they unshakable and adamant
My grounds for victory in my coming war
For Fate with me hath sign'd a covenant.
Lest now a tender-hearted world grow squeamish
Just let her hold her breath and "watch my finish."

Sonnet Forty-six

A Vision

In sight o' The Promis'd Land do I now stand
The Happy Valley spreads beneath my ken
The Everlasting Hills on either hand
Forever bar the foot of hostile men.
Thus did I write, when in an ecstasy—
A vision glorious of the great Unknown—
The Future op'd her veiled womb to me
And show'd me happy in my happy home.
Thus did I write, and thro' my prison bars
Floated a being cloth'd in radiant light
Her head encircl'd was with seven stars
With cincture of opal was her form bedight.
"I the Spirit of Liberty am"—She lisp'd
And as She sail'd away her white hand kiss'd.

Sonnet Forty-seven

L'Envoi

The Drag Net, or, "High, Low, Jack and the Game".

To ignominious oblivion
My small-fry enemies I now consign.
Minnows too small to flesh a hook upon.
Too small to name, I net within this rhyme.
As 'round the mouths o' sewers minnows swim,
And batten on the ordure there expell'd,
So 'round the vent o' vile-mouth'd gossip's whim,
These filthy creatures are by taste compell'd.
Whene'er, good reader, thou dost scandal hear,
When aught 'gainst my good name is whisper'd low,
Say to thyself: "A minnow I see here!"
" 'As sure as eggs is eggs' 'tis a foul minnow."
Within this drag-net I all gossips get,
High, low, now and to come—and it's dragging yet.

Appendix

The "News-Leader"

Note A

Richmond, Virginia, October 15, 1906

C On The War Path

HAS WRITTEN A BOOK AND WILL BEGIN ACTIVE
OPERATIONS IMMEDIATELY

HERO OF FAMOUS BREAK FROM LUNATIC ASYLUM

FORMER HUSBAND OF A . . . R . . . AND MEMBER OF FAMOUS NEW
YORK FAMILY RESUMES HIS FIGHT FOR HIS PROPERTY

After several years of silence, J . . . A . . . C . . . is about to come to the front again with publications and legal proceedings which are likely to be sensational. He announces that he has in press and will begin to distribute the latter part of this week a book of 500 pages, which is said by those who have seen it to be a marvel.

It will be remembered that Mr. C is a member of a very old and wealthy New York family, and a descendant of the original A . . . He has about a million in his own right, but a number of years ago was incarcerated in the "Bloomington" asylum in New York State as a lunatic. After four years of confinement he escaped in most sensational circumstances and disappeared, finally reappearing suddenly in Albemarle County, this State, where he married A . . . R . . ., the author of "The Q . . . or the D . . .," from whom he was afterwards divorced and who now is Princess T

Mr. C . . . is a lawyer by profession and has devoted himself the last five years to acquiring a wonderful fund of information and precedent on lunacy laws of the world, giving special attention to those of New York, under which he insists that any sane man whose relatives desire to obtain possession or control of his property can be railroaded into an asylum and shut in indefinitely. The title of the book is:

Four Years Behind the Bars
of "Bloomingdale,"

or

The Bankruptcy of Law in New York,

by

J . . . A . . . C . . . A. B., A. M.,
Member of the Bar of New York.

On the back of the volume is the inscription:

A Human Document:

Based upon the following Court documents: Proceedings of 1897 and 1899 in New York; Proceedings of 1901 in Virginia, and the Proceedings in 1905 in North Carolina.

The volume is issued by the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, N. C., and is dated "North Carolina, 1906."

Mr. C . . . is in the extraordinary and probably unprecedented position of being officially and legally a lunatic in his own State of New York, unable to return there without danger of arrest and incarceration, and deprived of the control of his own property, which is in the hands of a committee, while in Virginia and North Carolina and elsewhere he is a free man, going and coming as he pleases and regarded as fully competent to manage his affairs according to the formal judgments of the court. He has property in both these States, and especially large interests at Roanoke Rapids, N. C., of which he was one of the founders. To-night or to-morrow night he will deliver a public address to the people of that town in the school-house or the Baptist church. He made a speech several months ago, but this time he goes by special invitation, and his speech will be carefully prepared in advance.

The book he has written and published is said to consist almost entirely of extracts from official records, court judgments and proceedings, etc. He asserts to his friends that from these documents he will prove some of the leading lawyers of the New York bar have been guilty of the most atrocious deceit and cruelty and of conspiracy against his liberty and property; and that he will show further that some distinguished citizens have been guilty of flat perjury, having contradicted themselves exactly. He will give the details of his escape from "Bloomingdale," which have not been published heretofore. He attacks the management and methods of that institution fiercely and

insists that it is living under an alias and doing business with false pretenses.

Mr. C . . . 's book and his renewed personal activity are taken to mean that after long preparation he has enlisted for a strenuous and active warfare against the lunacy laws of New York especially, against those who have been instrumental in having him declared a lunatic and incompetent, and for the recovery of his property into his own keeping and the judicial confirmation of his competency and right to manage it. Incidentally he proposes to show that advantage has been taken of him while he was supposed to be helpless, and that the property has been so managed and handled as to pile up expenses against it and deprive him of a considerable part of his income.

The "Times-Dispatch"

Note B

Richmond, Virginia, October 17, 1906

J A C Speaks

MAKES SENSATIONAL ADDRESS BEFORE FRIENDS AND
ADHERENTS AT ROANOKE RAPIDS

WAS ENTRAPPED BY WHITE

WELDON, North Carolina, October 16.—J . . . A . . . C . . . , formerly of New York, after a silence of nine years, made a sensational speech last night at Roanoke Rapids, the town he helped to build and in the development of which he was one of the chief promoters. He spoke in the public school hall, and his appearance upon the rostrum was the signal for a tempestuous storm of applause from the people of the town, who crowded the building to the doors. Mr. C . . . was the picture of health and appeared in fine spirits. He was dressed in a black twilled cutaway coat, steel blue trousers, high turnover collar, black and red silk four-in-hand tie, with a gray pearl stickpin, patent leather lace shoes.

Before beginning his speech he removed his dark blue melton overcoat, high derby hat, and laid aside his gloves and walking stick, it being the identical yellow Malacca silver-headed cane he walked out of prison and from behind "Bloomingdale" bars with.

Mr. C . . . said that what he had to say was a fearful comment upon human nature, and particularly upon that class of human nature known as high society.

He said he had been a victim of about as cold-blooded and mercenary a plot as had ever been heard of. He spoke with warmth and flashing eye when he said that he was lured to New York by false friends and placed in "Bloomingdale" asylum.

Mr. C . . . said the courts of Albemarle County, Virginia, had adjudged him sane and capable of managing and taking care of his

own property rights, and he reached a lofty stage of eloquence when he declared that he would make a strong and persistent effort to establish to the world the just judgment of the Virginia courts.

Mr. C . . . charged that on evidence a plot had been hatched by certain individuals high in the directorate of the Roanoke Rapids Power Company to assess the stock of the company at 50 cents on the dollar and freeze out stockholders who could not or would not pay the assessment.

He said that he was the largest stockholder by 1000 shares, owning 3500 shares. "By some mysterious hocus-pocus," he said, "a referee is appointed to sit on my case who is so peculiar as to object to an investment of my surplus income to pay this assessment on my Roanoke Rapids Power Company stock, although the committee and guardian *ad litem*, appointed by the New York courts to protect my interests, highly approved and eloquently plead for the protection of this valuable stock, particularly as the assessment amounts to only about \$17,000, and there are over \$50,000 of accumulated income in the hands of the committee."

A GOOD SPEAKER.

Mr. C . . . spoke for about two hours. He is greatly beloved at Roanoke Rapids, and it would be hard for a New York court to convince the people of that town that J . . . A . . . C . . . is not in full possession of every mental faculty, and their verdict is that he is as sane and as sound in body and mind as any man who dares charge to the contrary.

Mr. C . . . 's enunciation is peculiarly distinct, and his voice has a penetrating quality, which would enable him to fill the largest hall without apparent effort, and his voice was as free from huskiness at the end of an hour's sustained speaking as when he began.

Ex-Mayor Treacy introduced Mr. C . . . as the best friend Roanoke Rapids ever had.

Mr. C . . . announced his subject as "The Crime, the Cause and the Consequence."

Mr. C . . . said: "I was lured to New York from my then home, 'The Merry Mills,' Cobham, Va., in February, 1897, by my supposed friend, but alas! as the sequel shows, false friend, the late Mr. Stanford White.

"Now, no one can regret having to touch upon the character of a dead man more than myself, but, unfortunately for the character of the dead man, he is so intimately woven into the web of my notorious

case that it is impossible to describe the one without describing the other.

MYSTERIOUS.

"There is something almost mysterious in the cause of the coldness that gradually crept over the warmth of our friendship, which dated back to 1892. There was no known to me cause for it, except that he seemed gradually to side with my hostile family against me.

"As I said, I was lured from my then home by Mr. Stanford White. Mr. White implored me to 'take a plunge in the metropolitan whirl' of New York, and purely to oblige him I accepted.

"By this emphatically is not meant a plunge behind the footlights. At said time more than ten years ago Mr. Stanford White studiously eschewed the footlights.

"When I got to New York a doctor who had accompanied Mr. White to my then home, 'The Merry Mills,' Virginia, brought another man into my rooms at the Hotel Kensington, without asking my permission. This unknown doctor began to lie as soon as he opened his mouth. This unknown doctor had the face to say that he was an oculist who was anxious to examine my eyes. What was my surprise to find later on that said alleged oculist was what is called in New York a medical examiner in lunacy. A few days later said 'oculist' dropped in after dark of a cold March night, with snow on the ground, and I in bed, and briefly informed me that I was crazy. I laughed in his face. He told me to get up and follow him out of doors. He did not condescend to say where. He concluded by saying that resistance was useless, since he had another doctor in the next room and two men outside my door. To cut a long story short, I notified him that he had made a mistake in his calculations and had not brought enough men to carry me off that night. He at once agreed with me. Next day two policemen in plain clothes presented themselves, and I finally, after reflection, decided to accompany them to 'Bloomingdale,' falsely so-called lunatic asylum at White Plains, New York. I shall simply say that it is impossible to describe the horrors of a madhouse, and shall, therefore, not attempt it. After standing about as much as I could of it, I decided to escape, and by good fortune did so.

LEARNED CRIMINOLOGY.

"As you all know, or have heard, this town was practically built by convict labor—I don't mean the houses, but the source of this town's prosperity: the water-power plant, so skillfully prospected, and so

brilliantly achieved by my good friend, Major Thomas L. Emry. Well, I was in command of a gang of about fifty or sixty out of about eighty-five convicts making brick. I used to work them hard all day, and then frequently spend my evenings chatting with them in the big cell, and making my chat interesting by rather frequent gifts of water-melons in summer and tobacco in winter. In this way I gained the convicts' confidence—and there were some tough propositions among them, from burglars to others. Gradually I began to pump them and to get onto their little criminal ways. Finally I became an expert criminal in experience, not act. Well, when I found myself behind the bars of 'Bloomington' for life, I smiled a somewhat sarcastic smile, as I said to myself, 'I'm too expert a convict to be kept for life behind any bars.' To cut this section of the story, it was by applying the science of criminology, which I had learned in the prison pen at Roanoke Rapids, that I finally, after nearly four years of waiting for a proper opportunity for putting my said scientific knowledge into operation, escaped.

"Police and detectives were put on my trail, but as I had left no trail, said gentlemen never got me.

"Since the triumphant vindication of my sanity and competency in the County Court of Albemarle County, Virginia, November 6th, 1901, I have been steadily working upon my case against said falsely alleged 'committee,' said T. T. S . . . As you know, I am a lawyer. I was forced to draw my own brief because lawyers I approached did not care to spend the time or trouble to brief more than enough points to put me in possession of my property.

A DISGRACE.

"The laws on lunacy procedure in the State of New York are a disgrace to the civilization of that wealthy and populous State. The laws on lunacy procedure in the State of New York are a disgrace to any place less notoriously bad than Hades. Said laws permit a man to be deprived of his liberty and practically of his property for life without notice of any proceedings being under way against his reason, and without an opportunity to appear and be heard in his own defense. Such a state of things is startling, indeed. Such a state of things is sufficiently startling to startle me out of any and all desire to set foot inside the infernal regions of New York without a pass out of Hell. As a lawyer, I am truly disgusted at such a state of affairs, and as a lawyer have I shown said state of affairs surely up in a book recently written by me and to be published in a few

days under the following title: 'Four Years Behind the Bars of "Bloomingdale"; or The Bankruptcy of Law in New York,' by J . . . A . . . C . . ., A.B., A.M., member of the bar of New York. A human document based upon the following court documents: the proceedings of 1897 and 1899 in New York; the proceedings of 1901 in Virginia, and the proceedings of 1905 in North Carolina.

"Just here I shall say that the courts of North Carolina have openly acknowledged my sanity and competency by permitting me to bring suit before them.

WANTS A CLEAN RECORD.

"I wish to have a clean record mentally and as a sane man before the world and my friends here. I am proud of your friendly feelings to me, and therefore I want to clear my skirts by coming up here and speaking of the veiled facts in this case, and to give you an idea of whether 'I can come in out of the rain or not,' and of the necessity of my drawing the veil aside and throwing the broad glare of the calcium on this matter, for if I do not bring this thing to the attention of the press I may lose my stock in forty-eight hours, for all I know. When this book of mine comes out all the proof—and I have got it—will be forthcoming. And I give you my word of honor as a man that I can substantiate everything—the plot, etc., to get this stock.

NEW YORK POLITICS.

"But Mr. . . . is not the only . . . candidate who will be more or less affected by the disclosures of my, alas! notorious case. Now, I approach this subject with caution, for the reason that the gentleman I am about to name is supposed to be a great friend of the workingman, and is supposed to be an inveterate enemy of all illegal law, of all bad tyrannical law of any nature or kind. Now, I have been forced or rather I have not been forced, but I took the opportunity, to test the sincerity of this very prominent and very wealthy gentleman, whom I shall shortly name. I was the friend of Mr. Arthur Brisbane, the right-hand man, and, many men say, the brains of William Randolph Hearst, candidate for Governor of New York.

"Now, I went on to say that what I wrote to Mr. Hearst for was this, that I had unfortunately had difficulty with various lawyers whom I had employed, because I found for various reasons that they were less interested in the purifying of the laws than they were in connecting with their fees, and, therefore, I was forced to write my own brief.

LAWYERS "TURNED HIM DOWN."

"When I came to these lawyers and said that I desired this brief so that the outrageous lunacy laws of New York should be forever purged, they looked at me good and hard and "turned me down." Then I set to work with the greatest distrust of my ability and wrote my own brief, which took me two years to do. I found that with other lawyers difficulties arose which led to a divorce between myself and the said other lawyers, so that I stand alone in this great case—great not only on account of the money, there being over a million dollars involved—but because of the fundamental points of law involved therein, and I don't propose for any reason under heaven to give up my fight to prevent sane men and women from being deprived of their liberty and practically of their property for life by the iniquitous laws of New York, and I am sorry to say, of several other States, of which I am proud to say that North Carolina does not form a part, the lunacy laws of North Carolina being excellent. I wanted to have the brief plead by other lawyers prominent in New York, but, finding that that could not be done, I then mentioned to Mr. Hearst that I would be extremely obliged if he would get me a lawyer. Now I was, so to speak, playing the Devil with one William Randolph Hearst, in other words, I was playing the role of the Devil as described in the New Testament; I was tempting Brother Hearst to see if he was gold or merely dross when it came to giving up money in a cause which did not at once increase the circulation of his papers or push his political fortunes. So to trap Brother Hearst I gave him a chance to show if there was 'a nigger in the fence' of stinginess; I gave him the chance to put up a fee for my lawyer by saying, in effect, I should be obliged if he would advance the fee for this lawyer whom he would be good enough to find for me against my note of hand at 6 per cent., payable when my case should be finally determined.

DISGUSTED AND SAD.

"I am disgusted, I am sad, over finding another fallen political angel. I had hoped Mr. Hearst was as good as the face he puts on; that he was generous and interested in abolishing bad laws, and I hoped to be able to prove that Mr. Hearst was so disgusted with any law that was not just and like 'Jeffersonian Democracy' and 'Lincoln Republicanism' that he would strain every nerve in assisting in purifying the lunacy laws of New York through the medium of the newspapers with which he blows his own horn; but I was disgusted when

I found that he did not care a rap for justice or liberty or anything else that does not redound to the circulation of the papers of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, or the advancement of his political fortunes. Now, I am well aware of what I may bring on my head for my little talk on this subject to-night, and I am perfectly prepared to 'stand the racket' in any shape that it may come. I felt that here was an opportunity to test the man; I felt that if he was as philanthropic and as public-spirited and intolerant of bad laws as he professed to be, he would take hold of this matter of the reformation of the lunacy laws.

"I set a trap for him, and he fell into it headfirst. I admire some things he has done, from fighting the franchise-grabbers to giving soup tickets, because nobody could be more opposed to trusts than your humble servant, myself; but I do believe in regularity in Democratic political methods, and I am now speaking to Southern men, and there are no men who are more regular in their political methods than the representatives of this glorious South, in which I have made my home, and I therefore disapprove of the crooked methods by which he secured the nomination for Governor of New York, by nothing less than theft—by unseating legally elected delegates in sufficient numbers to make up the deficit to his nefarious ends.

"The above concludes the political end of this speech, and that is the consequence I had in mind when I selected as the title of this speech, 'The Crime, the Cause and the Consequence.'"

Mr. C . . . reached Weldon at 2 o'clock this morning and boarded a north-bound train for Cobham, Va.

The "Roanoke News"

Note C

Weldon, North Carolina, October 18, 1906

C On the War Path

MAKES A SENSATIONAL SPEECH AT ROANOKE RAPIDS—THE
MAN WHO WALKED OUT OF BLOOMINGDALE
DETERMINED TO MAKE A STRONG
FIGHT FOR HIS RIGHTS

Mr. J . . . A . . . C . . . , formerly of New York, but since July 13th, 1905, a legal resident of Roanoke Rapids, after a silence of nine years, made a strong and sensational speech at Roanoke Rapids Monday night. Mr. C . . . appeared in perfect health and fine spirits and looked every inch capable of managing his property rights. Mr. C . . . , in speaking of his four years in "Bloomington" asylum, said he had been the victim of as cold-blooded and mercenary a plot as had ever been heard of. He spoke with feeling of how he had been lured to New York by false friends and placed in "Bloomington" asylum and of his sensational escape. Mr. C . . . said the courts of Albemarle County, Virginia, had adjudged him sane and sound of mind, capable of taking care of his own property rights, and with forceful language he assured the people of the town he helped to build that he intended to make a strong and persistent fight to establish to all the world the truth of the Virginia courts as to his perfect sanity.

Mr. C . . . spoke of his book, soon to be published, in which he will tell of his four years behind the bars of "Bloomington," or the bankruptcy of the law in New York.

Said that there was evidence that a plot had been hatched by certain individuals, high in the directorate of the Roanoke Rapids Power Company to assess the stock of the company at 50 cents on the dollar and freeze out holders who could not, or would not, pay the assessment. Said he was the largest stockholder by 1000 shares. "By some mysterious hocus-pocus a referee is appointed to sit on my case

who is so peculiar as to object to an investment of my surplus income to pay said assessment on my stock, although the committee and guardian *ad litem*, appointed by the New York courts to protect my interests, highly approved and eloquently plead for the protection of this valuable stock, particularly as the assessment amounts to only about \$17,000, and there are over \$50,000 of accumulated income in the hands of the committee with which to meet this assessment."

Mr. C . . . spoke for about two hours. He was one of the chief promoters and builders of Roanoke Rapids, and for a long time this man, who has over \$1,000,000 in his own right, lived in a modest cottage in the town he loves, and where he is still held in the highest esteem by the good people of that place, who believe in his sanity and his capability to manage his own affairs as much as they do in their hope of salvation hereafter.

The "News and Observer"

Note D

Raleigh, North Carolina, October 18, 1906

"Four Years in Bloomingdale"

J A C 'S BOOK ON DETENTION
AS A LUNATIC

Readers of the News and Observer will recall the mysterious sensation occasioned ten years ago by the incarceration in "Bloomingdale" asylum, in New York, and the subsequent escape of J . . . A . . . C . . . , the wealthy Virginian and member of the New York bar.

For four months the friends of Mr. C . . . supposed that he was away taking a trip for his health. For weeks after his escape and return to his State of Virginia newspaper speculation was rife as to the causes which led up to the imprisonment. He was subsequently declared sane in an action tried in the courts of Virginia, and was adjudged competent to manage his own affairs. Beyond the fact that he had brought actions against persons, however, the matter has since fallen away from public attention and has in many respects remained ever since a mystery.

Mr. C . . . is specially known in the South by reason of his marriage to A . . . R . . . , the brilliant Virginian novelist, whose book, "The Q . . . or the D . . .," created a national furore at the time of its publication, and by reason of the fact that it was through his money and initiative largely, and Major T. L. Emry, that the water power at Roanoke Rapids, in North Carolina, was first developed.

Through the publication of a book by Mr. C . . . , which is now on the Palmetto Press, of Roanoke Rapids, the News and Observer is able to give an exclusive statement of the complete story as stated by Mr. C . . . of the events leading to his commitment to the asylum, the circumstances under which he was arrested in New York and railroaded to "Bloomingdale" and the sensational details of his four years' stay there as a prisoner practically ex-communicado from the world, from March 13th, 1897, until Thanksgiving Day eve, 1900, when

he effected his escape and successfully eluded the police who were searching for him in every large city in response to a general alarm.

The title of the book is "Four Years Behind the Bars of 'Bloomington'; or the Bankruptcy of Law in New York."

STANFORD WHITE SUGGESTS A PLUNGE.

As detailed by Mr. C . . . , he was induced in March, 1897, to leave his country place, Merry Mills, in Virginia, and go to New York by Stanford White, who was recently killed on the roof of Madison Square Garden by Harry Thaw. Mr. C . . . states that he had had much trouble with his family in a social and business way, the first on account of his having engaged in psychological studies and investigation into Esoteric Buddhism and the second by reason of his having ousted his brother, W . . . A . . . C . . . , from the presidency of the United Industrial Company of Roanoke Rapids, which Mr. C . . . controlled. He alleges that his incarceration in the asylum was brought about by his brother for the reasons stated and for the purpose of gaining control of his property. Referring to the visit paid him by Stanford White to his home in Virginia, Mr. C . . . declares that he had written Mr. White that he could not see him, but that the latter nevertheless appeared at his home in company with a physician and invited him to go to New York for "a plunge in the Metropolitan whirl." Mr. C . . . consented and went to the Hotel Kensington, where he engaged rooms.

Later the doctor, whose name is not given, but who is described as "E. F.," and Mr. White insisted that Mr. C . . . should put himself in a trance-like state, an accomplishment he says that he has acquired as the results of his studies in Esoteric Buddhism. Mr. C . . . complied, and later the doctor returned with Dr. Moses Allen Starr, a famous New York alienist, who was introduced as an oculist and, by request of the physician was permitted by Mr. C . . . to examine his eyes.

RAILROADED TO "BLOOMINGTON."

After having examined his eyes, Mr. C . . . states that Dr. Moses Starr afterwards came to his room at night, after he had retired, with three other men and commanded him to go with him, as resistance would be useless. Mr. C . . . states that he refused to go and "convinced" Dr. Starr that he did not have force enough with him to make him go. The next day there came to the hotel plain-clothes policemen with commitment papers, and by them Mr. C . . . was taken to the asylum.

From the letter written to Captain Woods is taken the following description by Mr. C . . . of his stay in "Bloomington":

"Before going into the commitment papers, I shall briefly touch on my life here for the past four months. I was brought here the 13th of March. Since that time I have been in solitary confinement in a two-roomed cell. A keeper sleeps in one of the rooms of my cell, and he is always with me. When I take exercise in the asylum grounds the keeper accompanies me. My razors were seized on the ground that it was a 'rule of the institution.' The consequence was I had to be shaved by the asylum barber, which caused not only inconvenience but hardship, since my beard is thick and my skin is thin, and no barber has been able to shave me without causing a violent irritation of the skin, a condition which is always absent when I shave myself.

"You must excuse the above apparently trivial incident, but you will appreciate the annoyance it is to be shaved by the asylum barber, when I tell you that his shaving raised such a rash on my neck that I have limited his operations to twice a week, thus giving the inflammation time to subside—to begin afresh on the next shave.

"You know, from my having had the pleasure of dining at your house, that I am limited to a very abstemious diet, that I am practically a vegetarian.

"You also know that I ride a great deal on horseback. It is, in fact, my favorite and only form of outdoor exercise. You can well imagine the deleterious effect upon my health resultant from a combination of bad cooking, poor food and total deprivation of horseback exercise. Of the cooking I have simply to say that the asylum cooks cannot even bake bread, though they daily attempt it. So that I have been forced to buy crackers to avoid the violent indigestion the half-baked bread causes me. Of the food I will simply say that it has been so bad that I have come down to a daily diet of baked potatoes, lettuce, fruit and crackers in order to avoid eating food which is either badly cooked, adulterated or decayed.

"In the meantime I am living in a madhouse. Every 'patient' in the building in which I am imprisoned is hopelessly insane. At times some of them became violently, homicidally, insane, when, after yells and struggles with keepers, and a siege in a straight-jacket, they are forcibly removed to another ward. Since my arrival two patients were removed from this building for having become 'violent,' as they call it here.

"Nothing prevents a patient from becoming homicidally insane at any time. In one of such fits of frenzy the lunatic might take it into

his head to walk into my cell and attack me. The cell-doors are unlocked, and, although there is a keeper on watch on my floor, he is not always there. To give me warning of the approach of prowling maniacs I put a table against my door at night.

"This will give you an idea of my surroundings. I think that you will agree with me that they are calculated to drive a man insane. When you add to these 'surroundings' the active and sustained efforts of the resident doctors to talk me into becoming insane by declaring to my face that I am insane, and attempting to argue me into admitting that I am; when you consider this, you will, I think, conclude that I have my nerves and will-power under effective control in being able to remain sane.

"So much for my life for the last four months. This is the first opportunity which I have had for posting a letter unbeknown to the authorities here. The rule is that all letters and telegrams must be sent through the authorities here, who have the legal right to suppress or forward to 'The Commission in Lunacy' at Albany, who have again the legal right to suppress and destroy them. You can readily understand that I would not send a letter under such conditions. Hence my having to wait four months to write to you and ask your aid."

BLOODED CONSPIRATORS' ALLEGED MOTIVE.

The petitioners upon whose affidavits the commitment papers against Mr. C . . . were secured were The first two named were the executors of the estate of Mr. C . . . 's father, to which, under the terms of the will, he is entitled to an annual income of one-eighth of the total income.

With reference to the will, Mr. C . . . wrote Captain Woods:

"At my death without issue my said share reverts to the estate. Should I leave issue my said share would go to said issue. It is therefore evidently to the business interests of my family to prevent my marrying by locking me up for life in an insane asylum, if possible, and if that is not possible, the next best step towards safeguarding their business interests is to throw, if possible, an insurmountable obstacle in the way of my marrying. No more insurmountable obstacle in the way of marriage could be imagined than insanity."

Of marrying again, however, he says:

"Granting that I get out of this asylum, the stigma of having been confined in it would stick to me through life. You need not necessarily infer that I have any intentions of marrying, only I like to retain the privilege of the option."

Other motives alleged are the desire to control the business interests of Mr. C . . . and a spirit of revenge on the part of W . . . C . . .

PROPERTY IN TRUSTEE'S HANDS.

Mr. C . . . , since his escape, has started proceedings in New York against T. T. S . . . , who, by a decree of the court, has been placed in charge of Mr. C . . . 's property. He alleges that this Mr. S . . . was paid twenty thousand dollars out of his estate, and that the expenses of his stay in "Bloomington" amounted to twenty thousand dollars additional, which has been charged against his estate. His purpose in writing the book he declares to be to call the attention of a judge to the action of his relatives.

IS "BLOOMINGTON" A SNARE?

The book goes fully into the methods and workings of "Bloomington," which Mr. C . . . asserts is not a charitable asylum in any sense, but run under the protection of the "Society of the New York Hospital," and that it receives only sufficient charity patients to avoid the payment of taxes. Its purpose, he alleges, is to hold and *keep wealthy men whose families desire to be rid of them.*

The extent to which the horror of his situation had worked upon Mr. C . . . is disclosed in his injunction to Captain Woods in his letter:

"Speed is essential, for I have been given to understand that when my unknown term of imprisonment here is ended I am to be shipped to Europe. As to what point I was not informed; most probably to an English private insane asylum.

"Speed and secrecy are the watchwords. The moment it leaked out that any effort was being made for my release, that moment would probably end my imprisonment here and begin it in a closed carriage, on my way by night bound and gagged to Long Island Sound—eight miles off—where a private tugboat would convey me to an ocean steamer at New York, or a sailing vessel bound round 'The Horn.' I can assure you that outlawed as I am, my position is one of considerable uncertainty—not to say danger."

A PERIL TO THE RICH.

The book, on account both of its character and its revelations, and on account of the social standing of Mr. C . . . and the sensation created when his commitment first became known, will create profound interest all over the country. It shows, if its detailed circumstantial allegations are to be believed, that the rich in New York are in more

danger from the avarice of unscrupulous relatives than the poorest man from unjust accusation and the failure of justice. His story is fraught with romance and mystery.

AUTHOR OF DISTINGUISHED ANCESTRY.

As stated, Mr. C . . . , formerly a citizen of Virginia, where he still frequently resides at his four hundred-acre estate, "Merry Mills," is now a citizen of Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina. He is a mixture of distinguished Southern and Dutch ancestry, and his blood is such as to warrant that he will make an unrelenting fight for what he conceives to be his rights and against injustice. His paternal grandfather, a personal friend of Calhoun, left Charleston, South Carolina, where his forebears had steadily resided since about 1710, when they first left Wales for the New World, about twenty years before the war between the States, came to New York to live and married into the New York branch of the Winthrop family. The first of that family to come to this country was John Winthrop, first Governor of Massachusetts. This marriage also connected the C . . . with Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam, now New York. In Charleston, the C . . . had always been members of one of the three learned professions—the Church, the Law, or Medicine. The author's father married Miss Margaret Astor Ward, granddaughter of the late William B. Astor. This connected the C . . . with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe—the author's grand-aunt—and, further back, considerably, with General John Armstrong, of the Revolution, author of "The Newburgh Addresses," and also, through the Wards, with General Marion, of South Carolina, of the Revolution, known as the "Swamp Fox," and also with General Greene, of the Revolution. Lastly, the Marion connection relates the author collaterally—not lineally, for she never married—to no less a personage than Charlotte Corday, the slayer of the murderous Marat—General Marion's people being French Huguenots.

For some time, while awaiting the results of litigation, Mr. C . . . has been residing on his Virginia estate, engaging in literary work.

The "News-Leader"

Note E

Richmond, Virginia, October 29, 1906

J . . . A . . . C . . . Writes of His Battle

MAN WHO CAME BACK TO LIFE FROM LIVING DEATH
TELLS HIS STORY

REMARKABLE CASE IS REMARKABLY NARRATED

SYNOPSIS OF ONE OF THE STRANGEST BOOKS EVER WRITTEN
PREPARED BY THE EX-PRISONER WHO BEAT
THE NEW YORK LUNACY LAWS

One of the most astonishing books ever printed is "Four Years Behind the Bars of 'Bloomingdale'; or the Bankruptcy of Law in New York," by J . . . A . . . C . . . The News Leader several weeks ago printed an advance notice of the work on Mr. C . . . 's authority, and now is favored with a proof copy of it in advance of publication for general distribution.

The "World"

Note F

New York, New York, November 11, 1906

Stop Thief! Give Me My Million!

THE EXTRAORDINARY LIFE STORY OF J . . . A . . . C . . . , FORMER
HUSBAND OF THE PRINCESS T . . . , WHO IS LEGALLY SANE IN
VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA, LEGALLY INSANE IN
NEW YORK, AND WHO WRITES A STARTLING
NARRATIVE OF HIS STRUGGLES FOR
LIBERTY AND AN INHERITANCE

Can a man be sane in one State and insane in another?

So it would seem. But J . . . A . . . C . . . , cousin of the Astors, one time chum of the late Stanford White; lawyer, college graduate, student of psychics and ex-husband of that brilliant woman, A . . . R . . . , now the Princess T . . . , is not going to take such a decision as final.

His case comes up in the Federal Courts here in New York. Mr. C . . . , who has a fortune of largely over \$1,000,000, wants to get control of it. But the courts of New York say he is insane and not competent. His legal residence is in the State of North Carolina.

And there, as in Virginia, the courts have decided that he is perfectly sane and able to manage his estate.

There are forty-five States in the Union. Mr. C . . . can visit forty-four of them without the slightest danger to his personal liberty. But should he set his foot in the sovereign State of New York he will promptly be clapped into a lunatic asylum, because he is still held to be mentally incompetent. Dr. L . . . , of "Bloomington," has testified that Mr. C . . . is a paranoiac. Dr. Austin Flint, Dr. Carlos F. McDonald and Dr. Moses A. Starr have given it as their opinion that Mr. C . . . is hopelessly insane.

And Dr. J. Madison Taylor, Dr. Thomson Jay Hudson and Dr. H. C. Wood have pronounced him absolutely sane and possessed of a brilliant intellect.

It will be a desperate legal battle. Mr. C . . . has retained the best of counsel. So has the custodian of his one million dollars or two, T. T. S. . . ., who says he is insane. It is very much like Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash" all over again.

TO PROVE PSYCHIC GIFTS ARE NOT INSANITY.

It will be more than a legal fight. It will be a trial in which a man who has delved deep into psychic phenomena will try to prove that he is not insane just because he knows something more than the mere everyday things of life. Because a man is possessed of an X-faculty, a sub-consciousness with a psychic development, Mr. C . . . contends, does not prove him mentally incompetent. Because he has solved the mystery of "graphic automatism" does not prove him a lunatic.

One might search fiction high and low for a case like this one in real life.

It is one of the most remarkable stories of modern times. Here is a man of independent means, a man of affairs, a brilliant writer, an ardent sportsman, a clever raconteur, sent to "Bloomingdale," adjudged hopelessly insane—"progressive," the physicians called his case.

There he stays for nearly four years. He knows it is hopeless to protest. There he is, behind the bars, gone from the world forever. He dreams of freedom by night; by day he ponders over the problem of getting it. He knows that to be violent would see the end of his hopes; he acquiesces in every thing his keepers order, without a word of protest. It is the careful working of a mind bent on accomplishing its object—freedom!

He waits his time. He gets the trust of every one about him. He does meekly everything that he is bidden—everything except admit to the doctors that he is insane. He gets permission to take walks without a keeper. He makes his daily jaunts farther and farther away, deliberately practicing the art of covering great distances in a short time. He finds a post office where he may receive letters under an assumed name, because nothing may reach him at the asylum until it has been scrutinized. In this way he manages to borrow \$10—this man with an income of \$40,000 a year.

And now what does he do?

One day he does not return from his daily walk. No, he has walked well and far—he has taken a train to New York from an obscure railroad station miles distant from White Plains where Bloomingdale now is. By nightfall he is safe in Philadelphia.

Does he go into paroxysms of impotent rage at those who incarcerated him, as do many of the insane when they escape? Does he try to kill those whom he might imagine responsible for his sufferings? Does he break out in incoherent ravings against fancied evils?

No. He goes straightway to a sanitarium in Philadelphia. He states his case calmly to the physician in charge and asks to be put under scientific observation. After six months' voluntary confinement there the physicians tell him that he is perfectly sane and has always been so. He is not even now content. He goes to another institution and goes through the same voluntary process all over again. Once more the physicians tell Mr. C . . . he is well-balanced. Then suddenly he appears at his old home, Merry Mills, Cobham, Virginia, where he has stayed to this day, master of his estate, as at Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina.

GIVEN UP AS DEAD.

Meanwhile his family and his friends had given him up for dead. Thousands of dollars had been spent in trying to find him. Finally it was said that he was gone forever. No one guessed that the quiet, rather punctilious Mr. John Childe, in the Philadelphia sanitarium, was the missing J . . . A . . . C . . ., cousin of Waldorf Astor.

Once safely home, this so-called lunatic retained counsel. The matter of his sanity was brought up in the Virginia courts and then and there J . . . A . . . C . . . was pronounced sane and competent. But the greater part of his fortune was here in New York State, and here it is on record that J . . . A . . . C . . . is a hopeless lunatic. Should he come here, he would be deprived of his liberty. And that is why he is suing in the United States Court in the hope of winning back his inheritance and his standing as a man of sound mind.

And why was J . . . A . . . C . . ., Columbia University, '83, called insane?

Because he was possessed of the power of "graphic automatism" and had developed his X-faculty—type of subconsciousness—was taken as evidence of insanity.

Yet some of the most prominent psychological writers discuss this X-faculty in all seriousness and admit that there is such a thing as "graphic automatism." And all of this is told in a remarkable book which Mr. C . . . has just published.

He calls it "F . . . Y . . . B . . ." In it he is extremely bitter. He calls "Bloomingdale" "The Bastille of the 400," and asserts very positively that it is an easy matter to put any one behind the bars forever as insane, just as Reade contended in his "Very Hard Cash."

J . . . A . . . C . . . first came into the public eye when he married A . . . R . . . , who wrote that brilliant story, "The Quick or the Dead," in which is told the old love of a beautiful widow for her dead husband and her newer love for another man in the flesh. Jock Dering, the hero, was C . . . As she described him:

"There was the same curling brown hair above a square, strong-modelled forehead; eyes the color of autumn pools in sunlight; the determined yet delicate jut of the nose; the pleasing unevenness in the crowded, white teeth; the fine jaw, which had that curve from ear to tip like the prow of a cutter."

Her marriage to young Mr. C . . . only added to the book's popularity. She was beautiful, impetuous. Soon their friends came to realize that there was nothing in common between the grave, polished, rather mystic New Yorker and the gifted Virginia girl.

There was a divorce, which the husband did not contest, upon the ground of incompatibility, and the Mrs. C . . . that was married Prince T . . . , whom she met abroad.

The book that he has written as his plea to be counted sane contains 500 pages. In it many New Yorkers are mentioned—few of them favorably.

MR. C . . . 'S OPINION OF PEOPLE.

"The more I know men the more I admire dogs," is the way Mr. C . . . opens his book, quoting from Voltaire.

And here is the way he begins:

"The law in the State of New York, both State law and Federal law, has reached a point of impotency whereat an innocent man is about to be deprived of valuable property against his expressed will, and the law, both State and national, is impotent to save him."

He refers to Mr. Hearst, and to Stanford White, whom he accuses of luring him to "Bloomington," as follows:

"A prominent party now running for a prominent political position is adversely commented upon between the boards of said book. Lastly in this particular connection. A certain prominent party recently shot to death is also commented upon between the boards of said book, whereas the trial of said prominent party's slayer comes up in the New York Supreme Court in a few weeks—that is to say, in the fall or winter of 1907, these lines being actually penned September 29, 1906."

The book recites with bitterness what the writer calls the injustice of the proceedings leading up to the judgment of the New York courts and to his incarceration in "Bloomington."

Of "Bloomingdale" he says:

"We shall now point—but not with pride as a member of over twenty years' standing of the New York bar—to the fact that we have been robbed, so to speak, of twenty thousand dollars by the S . . . of the N . . . Y . . . H . . ., falsely known as 'Bloomingdale.'

"Here we have twenty thousand dollars taken from an innocent and sane man by the long arm of the law, or what at present passes for law in the 'Empire State' of New York."

How Stanford White got him to "Bloomingdale" is told in this wise:

From a letter written while behind the bars by Mr. J . . . A . . . C . . . to a brother lawyer outside and smuggled out of "Bloomingdale":

"HOW I WAS TAKEN TO 'BLOOMINGDALE,'"

"I received a telegram from my friend, Mr. Stanford White, proposing to visit me in company with a mutual friend. As I was on rather unfriendly terms with Mr. White at the time, owing to an abusive letter he had recently written me, I did not look forward to a visit from him with pleasure. I therefore sent him a telegram to say that I was not well enough to see him. A few days later Mr. White walked in on me in company with a physician. I shall not attempt to picture my surprise. Let it suffice to say that I was struck dumb.

"Mr. White hastily excused his intrusion and implored me to accompany him to New York for a 'plunge in the Metropolitan whirl.' As I had some business which needed my attention in New York, I consented."

Of New York law he says:

"This is truly the 'Empire State.' I sometimes wonder, as I look through the bars of my cell, how such things can be, outside the Russian 'Empire State.'

"Fortunately for myself, however, I am no longer a citizen of the 'Empire State,' but am and have been since 1895 a citizen of the sovereign State of Virginia, which title to sovereignty I propose to see Virginia make good by rescuing me."

Of some other prominent gentlemen:

"Plaintiff is far from being a pauper and therefore has no need of more money, plaintiff holding that a million is enough for any man,

but not holding that the size of fortunes should be limited by law, but the manner of accumulating same should be so severely safeguarded and shepherded by law that such thieves in sheep's clothing as . . . and . . . and . . . and the rest of the . . . would now be serving life sentences in Sing Sing."

"Graphic automatism" he defines thus:

"In a word, the writing is, as the name implies, automatic. So far—but so far only—as conscious thought, *i. e.*, conscious mental action is concerned, the hand does the writing without the help of the head. In other words, it is as though one had a magic pen—or pencil, since a pencil is smoother and easier to operate than a pen—that started out to write so soon as the operator took it into his or her hand.

GRAPHIC AUTOMATISM DESCRIBED.

"The operator has no more inkling of what the next word will be before the said magic pen has written same than the onlooker.

"All the operator has to do is to hold the pen firmly in the fingers, dip same into the ink, and see the said graphic automatism."

"BLOOMINGDALE" "A BUSINESS PROPOSITION."

He produces authorities who are quoted as saying that "graphic automatism" is a well recognized phenomenon, and that his trances were not signs of insanity.

And of "Bloomingdale" thus:

"'Bloomingdale,' it may as well be admitted first as last, is run purely for money, purely on business principles, and not on charitable ones. Every 'patient' within its walls is a 'pay patient,' and as high a 'pay patient' as the parties putting him or her there can be squeezed into making it.

"The exceptions to this ironclad rule are a handful of pauper lunatics from Westchester County, who are taken in free for the purpose of dodging the county taxes on the large and valuable real estate and tenements possessed by the S . . . of the N . . . Y . . . H . . . in the city of W . . . P . . .

"A candidate for a 'certificate of lunacy' is requested by his masters therein—the said examining doctors—to stand up and then deliberately throw himself off his balance by putting his feet so close together, toes and heels touching, that one's equilibrium is menaced. He is then commanded to extend his arms to their fullest extent, hands

outspread, palms upward and close together. He is then ordered to open his mouth, put out his tongue and shut his eyes.

"If he does not fall down on the spot he is lucky. It is while in the above described preposterous position that the physical observation of the examiners is taken."

Thus J . . . A . . . C . . . presents his case. He will know his verdict soon.

The "Daily Progress"

Note G

Charlottesville, Albemarle County, Virginia, May 8, 1907

C Ready for the Case

FORMER HUSBAND OF A R TO DEFEND HIS SANITY IN NEW YORK COURTS

The famous case involving the sanity of J . . . A . . . C . . . , former husband of A . . . R . . . and a scion of the wealthy New York house, will come up at the fall term of the Federal Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York.

It is now on the calendar to be called, and both sides are ready for the fray. This litigation is far more ramified than one would at first suppose, as it concerns the guardianship of considerable property interests standing in Mr. C . . . 's name, but which now are managed in the 'Empire State' by a committee.

Mr. C . . . 's status, both mental and legal, to say the least, is peculiar. In Virginia and North Carolina he has been adjudged perfectly rational and fully capable of taking care of his own property, but in New York he is still civilly dead—that is, "a duly authenticated lunatic," whose property must be managed by others. But it may be that things will be different after the coming inquisition.

The interesting story leading to all these complications has been delightfully told by the alleged lunatic in his recently published book, "Four Years Behind the Bars at 'Bloomington.'" In this volume the author deals some Cyclopean blows at his enemies, who are attacked in the fiercest of English.

In a personal letter to a Richmond friend, Mr. C . . . says: "The case has been on said courts' docket and calender since May, 1904, and the delay was caused by two things—first, the large sum at stake (from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000); second, the vital principles of personal liberty."

Mr. C . . . , who is a lawyer by profession, adds that he has spent two years of ceaseless labor, working night and day, to prepare a brief which touches all lunacy legislation from the time of Magna Charta, 1215, to date.

Mr. C . . . has never ventured back to New York since he escaped from "Bloomington," but he says he will take the stand this fall.

Voltaire

Note H

The following occurs upon pages 172-173 of "Four Years Behind the Bars of 'Bloomington'; or the Bankruptcy of Law in New York," by J . . . A . . . C., A.B., A.M., Member of the Bar of New York, \$2.00 net, post-paid, Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina:

"In order that the reader may not feel that he is not an expert in judging sonnets, and is therefore unequal to the task, I shall bring forward a gauge furnished by an expert, a standard gauge by which any person of ordinary parts and ordinary cultivation may judge said sonnets, together with the best test as to the merit of any given rhyme that I know of in all literature. With these two mechanical guides, so to speak, no person, not below mediocrity, can go astray in testing the following sonnets. The said standard gauge for the sonnet is taken from Gummeres' 'Handbook of Poetics,' pp. 239-41. (The Shakspearian form of sonnet) 'is sustained without break until it reaches a point at which a personal appropriation needs to be made. That is, we have the symbol and then—mostly in the concluding couplet—the application. The excellence of Shakespeare's sonnets as critics esteem it, is the climax to which it rises by means of the closing couplet.'

The said test of the merits of rhyme is taken from the life of Voltaire (by John Morley), page 131. (The Requirements of Rhyme), 'We insist,' said Voltaire, 'that the rhyme shall cost nothing to the ideas; that it shall neither be trivial nor too far-fetched; we exact rigorously in a verse the same purity, the same precision, as in prose. We do not permit the smallest license; we require an author to carry without break all these chains, and yet that he should appear ever free.'

Sonnet 6, page 11.

"THE CHALLENGER." *

(Above sonnet written at outbreak of Boer War.)

Sonnet 8, page 15.

"PRO-BOER." *

The above was written October 10th, 1899, upon reading that day in the *New York Sun* a cabled copy of Swinburne's said sonnet; a very fine thing poetically, but politically meriting what we have alleged. We hasten to say we are Pro-British to the last degree, and view with delight the increasing confidence and affection between the two great sections of the Anglo-Saxon race and the English-speaking race.

A Briton might retort to said sonnet, "People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." To which we would reply, "Touché!" as they say in fencing.

Sonnet 22, page 43.

"JOURNALISTS." *

We would like to take this opportunity afforded to express our frank opinion upon journalists. This gifted profession—for no one not gifted with the art of writing can hold his job a week—is a, so to speak, peculiar and mysterious one. In the following particulars:

First: Though dealing with public men and public topics, and, if editors, writing about public men and public topics, yet, of necessity, unless they rise to owning a paper, or being a leading light in journalism, they lead a life of almost monastic ~~seclusion~~ *seclusion*—we are not fool enough to say monastic morals—almost as much removed from the world as though they were coal miners; for, although the reporters go about in daylight, their writing, of what they have seen or learnt during their daily scout for news, keeps them at their desks in a whirr of the presses, until, say, one or two A. M. All social amusements—bar an occasional theatre—have to be relentlessly cut out.

Second: Though, when editorial writers, they are possibly shaping the policy of a great party, and, if their party happens to be in power, the policy of a great nation, yet their very names are as utterly unknown to the man in the street as that of any alleged inhabitant of, say, Mars.

A leading dry-goods merchant, or pork-packer, has more fame than they *outside*—be it understood—of their own professional circles.

Now, it is not natural to be lacking in a moderate desire for fame—it is a gauge, a record, in the party's legitimate favour.

For this reason we should like to see not only all editorial articles signed, as they are in Paris, but also, as a prize—so to speak—for an extra good story, an extra well-thought-out and sparkling article, and as a proof to the public that the paper in question thinks sufficiently of said journalist to permit his name to go in.

Lastly: Some of our best friends have been for years journalists, both editorial writers and space writers, reporters, and we have found them, with few exceptions, literary artists at heart, and as much in love with their art as any painter in the Latin Quarter of Paris.

Sonnet 28, page 55.

From Bulfinch's Mythology.

THE VALKYRIOR.*

The Valkyrior are warlike virgins, mounted upon horses and armed with helmets, shields and spears. Odin, who is desirous to collect a great many heroes in Valhalla, to be able to meet the giants in a day when the final contest must come, sends down to every battlefield to make choice of those who shall be slain. The Valkyrior are his messengers; and their name means "Choosers of the slain". When they ride forth on their errand, their armor sheds a strange flickering light, which flashes up over the northern skies, making what men call the "Aurora Borealis" or "Northern Lights."

Sonnet 31, page 61.

"WAR-EAGLE."*

Permit us to observe that we have no slightest objection to certain elderly parties amusing themselves, and getting space in the papers, by pursuing that mild Chimera universal peace, provided that the country is always prepared for universal war.

Sonnet 33, page 65.

"THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM."*

This sonnet was written before the advent of President Roosevelt to the White House. Since that fortunate epoch national bribery has reached the low-water mark. Moreover we do not apply the above sonnet to the present National Legislature.

Lastly, said criticism is not aimed at Southern Legislatures, which are above bribery—which are as virgin snow to Broadway, New York, in slushy weather compared with, at least, rather recent Legislatures in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Sonnets 36 and 37, pages 71 and 73.

*"A BOGUS BASHAW OF LETTERS" **

and

*"FLUELLEN'S Curse." **

G. B. SHAW on Shakespeare.

From the London Daily News.

(Reprinted in New York SUN, April 29, 1905.)

"I will now, with your permission, give a very brief summary of what I actually did maintain:

1. That the idolatry of Shakespeare which prevails now existed in his own time, and got on the nerves of Ben Johnson.

2. That Shakespeare was not an illiterate poaching laborer who came up to London to be a horseboy, but a gentleman, with all the social pretensions of our higher bourgeoisie.

3. That Shakespeare, when he became an actor, was not a rogue and a vagabond, but a member and part proprietor of a regular company, using, by permission, a nobleman's name as its patron, and holding itself as exclusively above the casual barnstormer as a Harley street consultant holds himself above a man with a sarsaparilla stall.

4. That Shakespeares' aim in business was to make money enough to acquire land in Stratford, and to retire as a country gentleman, with a coat-of-arms and a good standing in the country; and that this was not the ambition of a parvenu, but the natural course for a member of the highly respectable, though temporarily impecunious, family of the Shakespeares.

5. That Shakespeare found that the only thing that paid in the theatre was romantic nonsense, and that when he was forced by this to produce one of the most effective samples of romantic nonsense in existence—a feat which he performed easily and well—he publicly disclaimed any responsibility for its pleasant and cheap falsehood by borrowing the story and throwing it in the face of the public with the phrase 'As You Like It.'

6. That when Shakespeare used that phrase he meant exactly what he said, and that the phrase 'What You Will,' which he applied to 'Twelfth Night,' meaning 'Call it what you please,' is not in Shakespearean or any other English, the equivalent of the perfectly ambiguous and penetratingly simple phrase, 'As You Like It.'

7. That Shakespeare tried to make the public accept real studies

of life and character in, for instance, 'Measure for Measure' and 'All's Well that Ends Well,' and that the public would not have them, and remains of the same mind still, preferring a fantastic sugar doll like Rosalind to such serious and dignified studies of women as Isabella and Helena.

8. That the people who spoil paper and waste ink by describing Rosalind as a perfect type of womanhood are the descendants of the same blockheads whom Shakespeare, with the coat-of-arms and the lands in Warwickshire in view, had to please when he wrote plays as they liked them.

9. Not, as has erroneously been stated, that I could write a better play than 'As You Like It,' but that I actually have written much better ones, and, in fact, never wrote anything, and never intend to write anything, half so bad in matter. (In manner and art nobody can write better than Shakespeare, because, carelessness apart, he did the thing as well as it can be done within the limits of human faculty.)

10. That to anyone with the requisite ear and command of words, blank verse, written under the amazingly loose conditions which Shakespeare claimed, with full liberty to use all sorts of words, colloquial, technical, rhetorical, and even obscurely technical, to indulge in the most far-fetched ellipses and to impress ignorant people with every possible extremity of fantasy and affectation, is the easiest of all known modes of literary expression, and that this is why whole oceans of dull bombast, and drivel, have been emptied on the head of England since Shakespeare's time in this form by people who could not have written 'Box and Cox' to save their lives. Also (this on being challenged) that I can write blank verse myself more swiftly than prose, and that, too, of full Elizabethan quality, plus the Shakespeare sense of the absurdity of it, as expressed in the line of Ancient Pistol. What is more, that I have done it, published it, and had it performed on the stage with huge applause.

11. That Shakespeare's power lies in his enormous command of word music, which gives fascination to his most blackguardly repartees, and sublimity to his hollowest platitudes, besides raising to the highest force all his gifts as an observer, an imitator of personal mannerisms and characteristics a humorist, and a story-teller.

12. That Shakespeare's weakness lies in his complete deficiency in that highest sphere of thought, in which poetry embraces religion, philosophy, morality, and the bearing of these on communities which is sociology. That his characters have no religion, no politics, no conscience, no hope, no convictions of any sort. That there are, as Ruskin

pointed out, no heroes in Shakespeare. That his test of the worth of life is the vulgar hedonic test, and that, since life cannot be justified by this or any other external test, Shakespeare comes out of his reflective period a vulgar pessimist, oppressed with a logical demonstration that life is not worth living, and only surpassing Thackeray in respect of being fertile enough, instead of repeating 'Vanitas Vanitatum' at second hand, to word the futile doctrine differently and better in such passages as 'Out, out brief candle.' Finally, that this does not mean that Shakespeare lacked the enormous fund of joyousness which is the secret of genius, but simply that, like most middle-class Englishmen bred in private houses, he was a very incompetent thinker and took it for granted that all inquiry into life began and ended with the question, 'Does it pay?' Which, as I could have told him, and as Gilbert Chesterton could have told him, is not the point. Having worked out his balance sheet and gravely concluded that life's but a poor payer, etc., and thereby deeply impressed a public which, after a due consumption of beer and spirits, is ready to believe that everything maudlin is tragic, and everything senseless sublime. Shakespeare found himself laughing and writing plays and getting drunk at the Mermaid much as usual with Ben Jonson finding it necessary to reprove him for a too exuberant sense of humor.

This is a very hasty sketch of my views on Shakespeare, but it is at least an improvement on the silly travesties of my lecture which have been disabling the minds of my critics for the past few days."

Sonnet 40, page 79.

"FAKIR HEARST."*

The subtitle to above sonnet is—When millionaires fall out then comes the tug of war.

It is an exceedingly difficult thing to tear the mask off the face of a millionaire.

First: Being a millionaire he is above the reach of ordinary temptations in the train of lack of ready cash.

Second: Being a millionaire he can hire experienced lawyers to guide his footsteps amidst the darkest places in politics and finance with safety.

Third: Such being the case it is hard to make such a well-surrounded, well-guarded individual trip.

Now, we are of a more or less philosophic and meditative temperament. Being removed by our wealth from the storm and stress of money-making, we can afford the time to spend as much time making

scientific collections of men as Darwin did of pigeons. We collect, tabulate and classify our collections of men as Darwin did his pigeons. We follow Pope in believing that the proper study of mankind is man. Now we have made a specialty of man as a study from our earliest boyhood. From the early age of five when our mother sweetly and solemnly warned us that we had reached the first stage of responsibility as regarded the outer world, and were to be trusted to walk alone to and from the private school we attended in Washington, D. C., to the present age of nearly forty-four, we have kept our eyes open as regards our fellow-man. Therefore we have come to conclude that no man on earth can be known until said man has been put to the proof. Many men do not know themselves and innocently deceive themselves about themselves. Many men know themselves very well, and, far from innocently, set to work to deceive the world about themselves. Now to discover to which of the two vast world-camps the man under inspection belongs is the first object of the—to coin a term—man-expert. We say “coin a term”—so far as we know advisedly, since neither the semi-science of physiognomy nor the far less of a science phrenology, even if their fields were as well mapped as Gall and Spurzheim could desire, could cover the field of that marvelously complicated intellectual animal man.

Once located in one or other of said vast world-camps, the work of handling is simple. Nine-tenths of said battle is in locating the said camp. If a man is a self-deceiver, innocently, from ignorance of his own vices and virtues, there is hope for that man, *provided* he is willing to learn about himself. If a man's a self-deceiver viciously, *i. e.*, through laziness or the desire to dodge the prickings of conscience, he is a hopeless case.

If a man belongs to the camp of deceivers of others about themselves, he is a hopeless case.

Now we have had our scientific eye on Mr. W. R. Hearst for about twenty years. Although ourselves a graduate of the Class of '83 (School of Arts) of Columbia University, we had a relative at Harvard who, besides being a member of the “D. K. E.,” was also a member of that super-swell organization, the *Porcellian Club*, within whose hospitable walls we have spent many a pleasant hour. We ran on to Harvard every few weeks and had as deep a peep behind the scenes of college life there as though matriculated. Now our visitations to Cambridge took place at the time that Mr. Hearst was running his brief course. We now take up the tale from *Collier's Weekly*, September 22d, 1906. Therein Mr. Frederick Palmer has a very tem-

perate account of Mr. Hearst—the first of four articles upon this interesting product of the Pacific Coast. Mr. Palmer says: "In his second year he was expelled—as a promoter of disorder from the very day he entered the University." Rather prophetic. We do not mean to imply the slightest reproach upon Mr. Hearst for his expulsion.

To resume. We had our eye on Mr. Hearst since we early spotted him as an interesting specimen of said intellectual animal.

Interesting more on account of his great wealth than his great personality, but interesting none the less. Time rolled on. His advent into newspaperdom in San Francisco followed by the same in Park Row gave us further food for observation. Recently Mr. Hearst dropped the mask sufficiently to show that he was going to broaden his field of activity from journalism into politics. Did he go into politics to extend the circulation of his various papers, or did he go into politics out of desire for political prestige and political power, or did he, lastly, go into politics from the lofty motives of patriotism and philanthropy? This was the enigma which no man on earth could solve, bar Mr. Hearst himself, and possibly not even he.

Now, how to pierce the brazen mask of Mr. W. R. Hearst's Chinese-like impassive face. That was the question.

We have found the following, false in one thing, false in all, a true line. We determined to apply the above test to foxy Mr. Hearst. We thereupon wrote that gentleman the following letter:

In that letter we showed that the lunacy laws in New York were utterly and absolutely unconstitutional, illegal and rotten. That we had been "railroaded" into "Bloomington"; that we had finally, after nearly four years, escaped and made good the above claims by an affirmative decision in the County Court of Albemarle County, Virginia, November 6th, 1901; finally that purely from a sense of duty we proposed to continue the fight to the Supreme Court of the United States if possible. Surely the above is a question for a politician who makes the air vibrate with journalistic blasts upon the theme of the altruistic patriotism and desire for pure and equal laws upon the part of Mr. W. R. Hearst. Surely the above is fully on a par with the late happily ended Dreyfus case. *The Dreyfus case had to do with the case of one man*, no matter how foully illegal and unjust said case was, it was not a question of a deadly danger, a Hellish menace to liberty, property, health and happiness hanging over the head of every man and woman in the State of New York. Our case had to do with a vast legal principle, as we said in our letter. A true patriot, a true philanthropist, one might say, a true man, with the slightest gleam of

public spirit would at once put his shoulder to the wheel—if not his hand into his pocket—to help right such a wrong, and, above all, prevent its repetition. That is what the salaciously writing Jew Zola did, in spite of the salaciousness of his pen.

What does Mr. W. R. Hearst do? Turns us down.

As Mr. Palmer in his said interesting article says: "It is time that the citizen who regards Hearst as a deliverer, the citizen who regards him as a political buffoon, and the citizen who regards him as a dangerous blackguard should know our man, his morals, his fitness and his training for the office which he seeks, the sum of the sincerity in his propaganda."

Thats' it—"the *sum* of the sincerity in his propaganda."

Now, let us hear Mr. Hearst talk through his hat.

In his Madison Square Garden speech of September 28th Mr. Hearst shouted out: "I believe in the impartial enforcement of the laws!"

He does, does he! Then why doesn't he take the handle I've held out to him in the lunacy branch of the laws?

Why, he begins his speech with a phrase suggestive of one of our own in said letter. In said letter we had said that "the lunacy laws in New York were utterly and absolutely unconstitutional, illegal, and rotten." And yet he leaves such laws to fester in their rottenness, and ourself he—like the Levite—passes by on the other side. No sign of the good Samaritan in W. R. Hearst when it neither increases circulation nor strengthens political pull. No sign of doing good in secret upon the part of Mr. W. R. Hearst. The doing good upon the part of Mr. Hearst, on the contrary, must be done openly, in the broad glare of the calcium, and thereupon heralded in head lines inches deep from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And yet Mr. W. R. Hearst began said famous speech with the following reminiscent phrase: "This is the kind of riot that is better than rottenness." While in our case Mr. W. R. Hearst is perfectly prepared and fully reconciled to let rottenness run riot.

Finally, Mr. W. R. Hearst shouted: "I believe in action rather than words." So do we.

As we said, false in one thing, false in all.

A fakir in one thing, a fakir in all.

A fakir in true desire to right false laws Mr. W. R. Hearst proved himself the prince of fakirs, to use a mild term, by his action in stealing his nomination by the Democratic Convention at Buffalo, in the face of the overwhelming sentiment of said convention for Con-

gressman Sulzer; by sapping and mining in the up-State counties, and consequently catching the honest Democrats napping, and consequently controlling the Committee on Contested Seats, with the result that he and his Falstaff's army of Jew and Gentile heeler, plug-ugly and strong-arm man were feloniously placed in the seats of men robbed thereof, thereby sapping and mining in the up-State counties, and unscrupulous—on said record—in his political methods as Lucius Sergius Catiline.

But is it necessary to pursue this painful topic further?

We shall close by assuring the honest section of the followers of Mr. W. R. Hearst's political banner that we mean no slightest reflection upon them. We have found Mr. W. R. Hearst out, we hope they may not—to their cost.

Sonnet 41, page 81.

*"WINDY BILL," ETC.**

The Medicine-Man of Europe, Windy Bill, tries to dazzle his subjects by pretending to be master of all arts, and Jack-of-all-trades; as though his subjects were as foolable as savage African negroes, and he, their tricky, vicious Medicine-Man. For instance, Windy Bill's absurd attempt at leading an orchestra—an art that is a life-work in itself. We have, among half a dozen other nationalities, German blood in our veins, and yield to none in admiration for the great German people. But we have a rather keen eye for a fakir, whether he wears a top hat or a crown on his head; and Windy Bill, who for about twenty years has been filling the air with platitudes about peace, dropped his fakirs' mask, behind which he had been masquerading as an apostle of peace and righteousness ever since he kicked out Bismarck, and came out in his true colors, as bluffer and bulldozer, at the Moroccan Conference—the most colossal diplomatic blunder since Bismarck—disregarding his own judgment, if we remember rightly—yielded to Moltke and turned Europe into an armed camp for the sake of Strasburg and Metz, by disregarding what law recognizes, namely, that the best claim can become outlawed by the lapse of time; and, not satisfied with a murderously mercenary money mulct, seized Alsace and Lorraine—which conference was called, as all in the world know, for the sole purpose of driving a wedge into the Anglo-French *entente*, whereas the result of which conference was to *cement said entente and drive a wedge in the Triple Alliance*, between Windy Bill and Italy, and also to make Russia—so soon as she shall have set her

house in order—draw near to her former, but now under changed conditions in the East owing to the marvelous rise of Japan and the Anglo-Japanese alliance's influence on Russia towards China and India draw near to her former foe, Great Britain, and form with France a counter Triple Alliance, as a conservative counterpoise to the unscrupulous adventurer and fisher in troubled waters, our friend, the Melicene-Man. No better citizen comes to our shores than he of the Fatherland. No more intelligent, honest, industrious, and last—and, to our minds, greatest, almost—broad-minded immigrant arrives than Hans and his flaxen-haired Gretchen. Therefore let no one suppose that we fail to grasp the great qualities of Germans. Lastly, it is because we see an inevitable clash with Windy in South America when, but not a moment before Windy thinks his fleet is big enough to insure his importing Pommeranian Grenadiers into Argentina to move, from there as a base, over the length and breadth of South America, to insure said Pommeranian importation in despite of the statesmanlike and heroic Monroe Doctrine, for which we would die, not forgetting that it is good Democratic Doctrine, having been begotten by a Democrat, which grand doctrine, protects the weak against the strong, the infant—so to speak—Republics of Central or South America from that gray-haired veteran, Europe, and protects Republics from Monarchies and Empires. To give the Devil his due, Windy Bill has the interests of the Fatherland at heart; but his heart is cold, cruel, and utterly selfish and tricky; hence he is a proposition it behooves Uncle Sam to watch and keep his hand on his watch when he happens to be in his company. Truth forces us to admit that he is one of the most powerful and eloquent orators alive to-day. As for tact, Windy is as lacking in that desirable commodity—about as lacking as a bull moose. Windy's choice of a representative, at Fez, in the delicate and dangerous pre-conference stage of the game, of a diplomatic temperament as tattered as his name—that dangerous name—Tattenbach-Askold—proved how inferior as a diplomatist Windy is to his uncle, that great King and splendid gentleman, Edward VII.

It is the purpose of this modest little book to have an Exchange Department, by which we do not mean that we expect or, to be quite frank, desire exchanges, as we shall not have much more than enough time to attend to the following "exchanges" that come to our editorial desk because they *have* to, because they *must*, because we pay for them.

We divided our "exchanges" pretty equally between the North and the South in order to give a fairish idea of the editorial thought of

those districts. We divided them thus. We subscribe annually to the following New York City dailies, to wit: *The World*, *The Sun*, and the oldest New York paper, *The Globe*. We also subscribe annually to the following Southern papers, to wit: The local weekly paper, the Charlottesville, Virginia, *Progress*; the following two Richmond, Virginia, papers, *The News-Leader*, and *The Evening Journal*—said paper has no affiliation, either politically or financially, with W. R. Hearst.

From North Carolina we receive its leading paper, the *Raleigh News and Observer*; and the like from South Carolina, the *Charleston News and Courier*. From the West we get—and have from its first issue, in 1901, that “Horn of Roland of Roncevalles,” Mr. William Jennings Bryan’s *The Commoner*. For a line on our legislators, the Washington, D. C., *Post*.

Regarding our European “exchanges,” we take the *London Spectator*, the *London Academy*, the *London Illustrated News*, *London Times*, Weekly Edition, *London Vanity Fair* and last, but far from least, as a touchstone of English political opinion, *Punch*.

From Paris, France, we get *La Revue Politique et Littéraire*, *L’Illustration*, *Le Monde Illustré* and *Figaro du Samedi* (weekly). From Germany, the *Fliegende Blätter*.

In conclusion we subscribe to about a dozen of the leading New York magazines, besides New York reviews and weeklies.

From the above it will be seen that we are in a position to know fairly well what’s going on about us.

To wind this schedule up, we might add that we keep a regularly organized “Obituary Department”—for the enlightenment of those outside the journalistic brotherhood—the keep and arrangement of back numbers.

In a word, said little book will parallel that drink known as “Milk, with whiskey *on the side*.” The “whiskey,” being the spicy, or well written, or well-thought-out newspaper or magazine articles, we shall insert *in whole* and comment upon.

Now for a brief comment upon said article.*

*Page 43A.

John L. Sullivan Knocked Out by Tiny Dan Cupid*

HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN WEEKS ON THE WATER WAGON
WINS HIM A WEALTHY NEW YORK WOMAN

HE DUCKS WHEN ASKED IF THE STORY
IS TRUE

HIS LAWYER ADMITS IT—ALL HE NEEDS TO SIGN NEW ARTICLES
IS A DIVORCE

John L. Sullivan, pugilist, actor, lecturer and monologist, is about to claim a matrimonial prize as a reward for his successful engagement of 116 weeks on board the water wagon. Just as soon as he gets a divorce from Annie Bates, a handsome woman, whom he married in Providence, in 1883, John will sign articles of agreement with a wealthy New York woman who has sufficient confidence in the big fellow to share her fortune with him.

Sullivan denies that he is contemplating a return engagement with the parson. Former Deputy Police Commissioner James F. Mack, attorney for John L. in the divorce proceedings, and Frank Hall, manager of the former champion fighter, yesterday admitted that John was about to be married, but refused to give the name of his prospective bride.

Sullivan lived with his first wife but a short time. When they agreed to separate, John gave her a house in Boston and went his way. A son born of this union, died many years ago. About fifteen or twenty years ago, Mrs. Sullivan sued her husband, then in the zenith of his pugilistic fame, for \$20,000. She was unsuccessful.

Cupid Had the Staying Power.

During all the years that have intervened, John L. has sidestepped the little fellow with the bow and arrow, but Cupid kept in training and "got" the big fellow. John went down for the count. His second

trip to the altar will be the close of a romance as modern as it is delightful.

Two years ago, when the mighty Sullivan was doing his best to corner the hop market, he made the acquaintance of the woman who will soon become his wife. Despite John's gruff exterior, he has a sincere way of expressing himself that never fails to win out. They met several times after that, and the outcome was her promise to help John carry his name, provided he would travel by the all water route for a period of two years. John has made good, with more than a dozen weeks to spare.

Sullivan was seen yesterday at Hyde & Behman's Theatre in Brooklyn. He had just finished his monologue and was bowing to applause that would have tickled a grand-opera star. His simple life showed plainly in the ruddy glow of his cheek, and the brightness of his eye. His hair is snow white but his step is just as springy as when he bowed before the Prince of Wales, now King Edward. He was willing to talk about anything but his approaching marriage.

"Is it true, John, that you are in training for the rocking chair championship?" he was asked. The answer was in the old familiar Sullivan roar. When John whispers its like another man shouting.

"What are you driving at, son?"

"I came to find out when you're going to get married," said the reporter.

"Married!" was the reply. "Say, son, I've fought my last fight. No wedding bells for mine." Here Sullivan's massive frame shook with laughter. The corrugations in the back of his neck resembled a washboard.

John Parries the Thrust.

"Didn't a New York woman promise to marry you if you behaved for a stipulated period?" asked the reporter as he ducked to avoid punishment.

"Blow your whistle boy," snorted John. "You're at a crossing."

"How long have you been on the water wagon?"

"This is my one hundred and sixteenth week and I've got a half-Nelson hold. I'm going to qualify for the finals, too. When Gabriel gives the big blow, John L. will be there in a diver's suit."

"And you're not going to get married?"

"Be good, bub. I'm done dealing in calico."

"How much do you weigh, John?" was the next question.

"About 275," was the reply. "I dropped a hundred when I climbed on the cart. You can't beat the booze game. A lot of folks had old John L. booked solid over the rum route, but I fooled 'em. I cancelled my engagements on the cocktail circuit. I'm keeping my money nowadays. I like to look at the pictures on it. I guess I'd have a pretty good art gallery if I had it framed."

At this juncture the strains of "Come Back to Erin" were wafted back to where John was sitting. John hurried away to knock another ear off "Kid" Cutler, his sparring partner.

The Newspaper Article

Poked His Fist in Face of Dazed President

HUGHES DARES THE BIG STICK—REMOVED COLUMBIA POST-
MASTER SPEAKS HIS MIND

USED COLD DECK ON HIM

VIGOROUS TALK OF THE TENNESSEE COLONEL PLAINLY FLUSTERED
THE EXECUTIVE—ORDERS CASE TO BE INVESTIGATED

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 24.—“I was shot in the back, without hearing the shot, and without a chance to see the assassin.”

Thus it was that Colonel Arch. M. Hughes, the picturesque postmaster at Columbia, Tenn., who has been removed because of his identification with the Brownlow-Taft faction in Tennessee, began a line of talk to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, which gave that exalted individual forty-three separate and distinct kinds of feeling. Hughes was removed ostensibly because he was away from his office too much, but, as a matter of fact, it was to make room for a Clay Evans third-termer, for it was admitted that the record of Hughes' office was A1.

Representative Gaines accompanied Colonel Hughes to the White House, and for chawing up furniture and oratorically pawing the earth he has no superior in Congress, and yet he came away admitting that he had been outdone, and that Colonel Hughes had handed out to the President a line of talk so straight from the shoulder and so pointed that it left everything else he had ever heard of at the White House a mile in the wake.

USED A COLD DECK.

“I want you to understand, sir, that my reputation is more to me than any or all of the offices within your gift. I was a barefooted Confederate soldier at sixteen, and there has never been a blot on my record as a soldier, a public official, or a citizen, and I most earnestly protest against being removed without even a hearing. You would give the most insignificant messenger in the service a hearing, but I was removed without any notice whatsoever, upon the ex-parte state-

ment of the Assistant Postmaster, who expected to profit, and who did profit by my removal. Not only did I not get a 'square deal,' but they used a cold deck, and dealt from the bottom on me."

While Colonel Hughes was talking thus he emphasized every point by a vigorous use of a clenched fist in such close proximity to those famous white teeth as to make even the aggressive Mr. Roosevelt take a step backward.

HOT SHOT AT PRESIDENT.

For five minutes the verbal hot shot poured forth in unbroken succession. The Presidential temperature ranged from the sizzling point of combativeness down to the stage of hand-clapping approval. But it was all strong enough put by the gallant Tennessean to show the President that he had met a man fired with as much energy and determination as he himself is, and a man who would beard the lion in his den in the pursuit of justice. And it ended by the President sending for the Postmaster General and telling him to give careful attention to the case of Hughes.

It is safe to say that not in all his experience has the President met a man who was less flustered by the presence of greatness, and that he has never had more straight-from-the-shoulder talk addressed to him than that which he heard from Colonel Hughes.

There were some thirty or forty people in the room when it all took place, and they all came out declaring that they had never dreamed of hearing a President talked to in such a manner. Usually men are obsequious when in the presence of the President and forget everything they had intended to say, but Colonel Hughes did not mince words or gestures to let the President know that he had been the victim of a raw deal."

Extract from Richmond, Virginia *Evening Journal*, April 24, 1907.

The spice and *verve* in said article makes it the superior of any story of its length seen by us in any paper for some years, bar one from the New York *Sun*, of several years ago, which we shall take pleasure in publishing in our next issue.

Think of bearding Theodore in his citadel—"the Douglas in his Hall." Think of the courage behind that act. In American political history—so far as we know it—it has no parallel; it is unique.

The courage of the plaintiff was fully equalled by the manliness of the judge to whom he appealed, and thereby had plaintiff's case investigated.

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Figures refer to pages of sonnets; P. denotes "Prologue"; A., "Appendix."

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FINIS.

Errata

"treat" — should be "tread". Sonnet 29
"headsman" — " " "headsman" " 37
"they" — " " "thy" " 21

Handwritten calculations for the sum of squares of the first 100 natural numbers, showing two methods:

Method 1 (Left): Using the formula $\frac{n(n+1)(2n+1)}{6}$.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 100 \\
 \times 101 \\
 \hline
 10100 \\
 10100 \\
 10100 \\
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 1010100
 \end{array}$$

Method 2 (Right): Direct summation of squares.

$$\begin{array}{r}
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